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## ERRATUM.

Page 44, first column, line 87, for "Monge" read "Moigno."

THE CRITIC,  
London Literary Journal.THE LITERARY WORLD :  
ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE great topic of the fortnight has naturally been the dawning prospects of Peace, which have risen above the horizon in the direction of Vienna. Amid the discordant noise of warlike preparations, political disputes, and diplomatic jargon, it is consolatory to believe that this tyranny may soon be overpast, and that the world may once more be freed from that rule of violence which has lately governed, and is apparently brutalising it. Whichever way it turns out, the last two have been eventful years. Seldom, if ever, have so much glory and so much shame, so many virtues and so many crimes, such mighty national efforts, such universal enthusiasm and such profound depression, so much force and so much incompetence, been manifested within the same narrow space of time as in these years which have but just passed away. Nearly three hundred millions of money spent; the precious blood of three quarters of a million souls split; the reputation of England certainly not advanced in the scale of nations as a military power;—and what is there to show for it all? Not much beyond the feud between Sir CHARLES NAPIER and Sir JAMES GRAHAM, and the squabbles of a dozen diplomatists as to the meaning of the word "neutral" when applied to a time of universal peace. As, when the inhabitants of a manufacturing town sum up the cost of an obstinate and expensive struggle between Capital and Labour, and find the place impoverished, business on the decline, morality at a discount, and the workhouse full, so do the industrious inhabitants of a peace-loving land mourn over the ravages of a war that has cost them dear, and brought them but little fruit. Yet far be it from us to say that all has been fruitless and all loss. We have cemented an alliance which, if it endure, will disprove the fallacies of old politicians, by binding together for ever the two greatest and most intelligent peoples in the world. We have discovered, by agitation, many rotten elements and useless incumbrances in our constitution, which we are actively endeavouring to rid ourselves of. We have seen developed in this country an amount of heroism, of self-devotion, in a word, of patriotism, such as but few suspected to exist within us. If we have grown poorer, we have also grown wiser; and if England have just reason to condemn some of her children, she has also good cause to be satisfied with many.

Speaking of the war, we should scarcely have ranked Mr BRIGHT's late exhibition at Manchester as a literary event, if it had not been for the literary topics which he thought it necessary to touch upon in the course of his speech. In his attack upon the press the disciple of WILLIAM PENN lost his temper—which he does not often do. We let that pass. The political press can defend itself, either against Mr BRIGHT or the purchased indignation of SERJEANT BUZZFEZ. But what does "our pacific friend" mean by telling us that "Hiawatha" is superior to "Maud"? The few stanzas on the war which conclude the latter poem have converted it, in his eyes, into "slang of the grossest character;" while the melodious common-place of LONGFELLOW becomes dignified by contrast into "an exquisite poem." So much for the literary taste of Mr BRIGHT.

The mention of "Hiawatha" leads our attention to a note extracted from an American paper, in which the extraordinary popularity of that poem was dilated upon. More than twelve thousand copies have been sold within two months, and ships, horses, sledges, and children are being christened "Hiawatha" and "Minnehaha" from one end of the States to the other.

Mr. MACAULAY has at length carried into effect his long contemplated retirement from the representation of Edinburgh. He has notified his application for the Stewardship of the Children Hundreds, and Mr. ADAM BLACK, the well-known Edinburgh publisher, has already presented himself as a candidate for the seat, in answer to an influential requisition. Ill health has been mentioned as the proximate cause of Mr.

MACAULAY's retirement; but it is believed that the completion of the great work upon which he is content to rest his fame has more to do with it than anything else. A month ago we mentioned a report that the *fifth* volume was in the printer's hands, and we observe that it is now repeated in a quarter which ought to be well-informed upon the point. As the facts connected with the greatness of the sale have already been made public property, it will not, we imagine, be a breach of etiquette to mention that it has been stated upon good authority that Mr. MACAULAY has already cleared *eighteen thousand pounds* by the four volumes. The *Athenæum* announces (it is to be presumed upon very good authority) that Mr. HEFORTH DIXON is about to produce an Answer to Mr. MACAULAY's charges against WILLIAM PENN. Surely this is making *rather* too much of a good thing. The quarrel as it originally stood was a very good one. Mr. DIXON certainly contrived to pick a very respectable hole in Mr. MACAULAY's coat, and everybody felt inclined to admire the ingenuity and pluck with which the literary Jack attacked his Giant. Mr. MACAULAY, however, did not reply; and the general impression has been that he felt himself worsted for the nonce, and that the question was at end. We are surprised, therefore, to find that we are likely to be called upon to endure a bill of revivor in this old suit. Again we say, Is not this carrying the matter a little too far? There is no harm in Chanticleer sounding his clarion once, when he rakes up his jewel; but if the "bird of morning" goes on crowing sempiternally, he becomes an active nuisance, and one feels inclined to throw a brick at him. Moreover, the biographer of BLAKE ought to deal gently with literary blunders.

Cambridge is in a great flutter about the forthcoming election; and, although there can be very little doubt that WALPOLE is to be the man, "Young Cambridge," as the supporter of the Hon. GEORGE DENMAN, is making unheard-of efforts to muster a respectable poll. From John o' Groat's to the Land's End, country clergymen are being pressed to take a trip to the banks of the Cam and record that vote for which only they keep their names upon the University books. Some of the less sanguine among DENMAN's supporters seem prepared for the worst in the present instance, but regard it as such a demonstration as will enable them to turn out WIGRAM with ease at the general election. The last-named gentleman is now very unpopular in the University, and it is generally understood that the hint in the *Times*, about gentlemen "who either are or ought to be speechless," was levelled at him. The committees of the rival candidates both contain names of great weight; but that of Mr. WALPOLE consists mainly of the elder and more Conservative members of the Senate. Even in Cambridge, some of the old notions in politics continue to hold sway. One thing has rather damaged Mr. DENMAN in the eyes of many, and that is the manner in which he took his degree. According to the regulations in force at the time, Mr. DENMAN could not have gone in for honours if he had entered the University as a nobleman; nor could he have gone in for classical honours as a commoner without previously taking honours in mathematics. The expedient to which he resorted was ingenious; but it was more admired on that account than for the spirit it displayed. He went in for honours as a commoner, but pleaded his nobility as an exception from the mathematical tripos. Being a first-rate classic, he came out first of his year; but it should be remembered that the absurd regulation which he thus ingeniously evaded, had compelled many a brilliant scholar to join the undistinguished ranks of the *Pol*. The absurd regulation has been altered since; but Mr. DENMAN's action is still remembered with some bitterness.

We had almost forgot to mention that Mr. WALPOLE's canvass for Cambridge necessitates his retirement from Midhurst. Mr. SAMUEL WARREN, the Recorder of Hull, has offered himself to fill the vacancy.

*Aprpos* of Cambridge, we are sorry to hear that the Syndicate of the Fitzwilliam have resigned in a body, owing to the imperious and overbearing treatment which its members have received at the hands of the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. WHEWELL.

The report that the PRINCE OF WALES is about to enter Christ's Church, Oxford, as a student, has been contradicted in a qualified manner, by a statement that it arose from the fact that Dr. GAISFORD has been putting into repair some apartments not lately occupied. In spite of this,

however, we have reason to believe that His Royal Highness will go to Oxford, in preference to the University of which his father is Chancellor, and that at no very distant period of time. We notice, by-the-by, that the young Prince is beginning to make a figure in the world. A fortnight ago he took the chair at the Royal Institution, and gravely presided over one of Professor FARADAY's learned expositions of the laws which regulate electricity.

With the meeting of Parliament in immediate prospect, the Sabbatarians once more appear in a state of activity, attempting to carry out their favourite doctrines. Last week, a meeting was held in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, at which T. B. HORSFALL, Esq., M.P., animadverted very strongly upon Sir BENJAMIN HALL's musical experiment in Kensington-gardens. He also complained of Lord ROBERT GROSVENOR's failure, inasmuch as it "went to legalise traffic on certain portions of the Lord's day." Mr. HORSFALL is for the complete cessation of traffic, and (to borrow a metaphor from mechanics) is one of those who would sit upon the safety-valve until the boiler bursts. The Rev. Dr. MCNEILE (whose admirers boast that he can return what member for Liverpool he pleases) followed on the same side; saying that—"It was a spirit-stirring thing to be engaged in a great battle. It was quieting and assuring to be engaged on the Lord's side. He would rather sustain a defeat whilst fighting on the Lord's side, than gain a victory whilst fighting against him." In London a meeting has also been held upon the same question, but with very different results. The majority of the audience pronounced in favour of extending liberty of conscience; although the chairman (in spite of the facts) strenuously asserted that the original motions were carried, an amendment appears to have been carried recommending the opening of the British Museum on Sundays.

A petition is now in course of signature, in consequence of a meeting held in Finsbury, praying that the collections of the British Museum may be opened to the public during every day of the week. We must confess that we do not agree with the spirit of that petition. The collections are practically open every day, although certain days are set apart on which men of science, who use the collections for some better purpose than the gratification of a mere inane curiosity, may study their contents uninterrupted by a crowd. To open the Museum upon every day would be to curtail very materially, if not to destroy altogether, the opportunities enjoyed by these learned persons; and we suspect that that would eventually prove a much more serious injury to the British public than they suffer by the present rule.

In a late number of the *American Publishers' Circular* we notice a well-written and hopeful article upon the future prospects of the American publishing trade. The writer dwells very justly and very aptly upon the astonishing strides which that trade has made within the last few years, and refers to the immense preponderance of educated persons over the uneducated as a sufficient reason for it. In the United States very much more than three-fourths of the free population are readers of books.

Our population (adds the writer) grows with unparalleled rapidity, but certainly not faster than our enlightenment. Opulence, which many of our citizens have long since attained, will give leisure for study. Every emigrant, almost, who sets his foot upon our shores; every fresh school established in the land; every church erected; and every appeal made on behalf of mental culture, is to the publisher an encouraging prognostic. Canada, Cuba, Mexico, are already among his patrons; and ere half a century rolls by, he will have a reading empire to supply with books, the like of which the sun never shone before upon. *But let us have standard works and good editions.*

By all means; have them and welcome. *Only pay for them when they don't legitimately belong to you.* Mental culture is a good thing, but honesty's a better; and however extensive the "reading empire" to which the American publishers minister may become, they never can be honest men until they have wiped off the debt which they owe to the authors of this country. The very number of the *American Publisher's Circular* which contained this hopeful and gratulatory article contained a list of the announcements lately made by the publishers. Among these we notice the following item: "Life of Henry Fielding: D. Appleton and Co." This is no other than Mr. LAWRENCE's excellent work,

which Messrs. APPLETON, of New York, seem likely to appropriate without remunerating the author one single sixpence. To make the matter worse, we are informed that an early copy was sent over, and an attempt made to make such arrangements with an American publisher as would have been advantageous to Mr. LAWRENCE; but that Messrs. APPLETON's announcement of their intention to appropriate the work rendered the attempt abortive. Messrs. LIPPINCOTT, of Philadelphia, also announced the book, but have since deferred to the *prior claims* of Messrs. APPLETON. What these claims can be we are at a loss to imagine, unless, indeed, the last-named house has resolved to set a good example by offering Mr. LAWRENCE a fair price for his work. We hope, for the sake of honesty and good fellowship, that this is the course which they intend to adopt.

Some months back, we noticed the issue of a severe attack upon Mr. PAYNE COLLIER, from the pen of a certain anonymous "Detective," and also of a circular addressed to us by Mr. JOHN RUSSELL SMITH, the publisher of the attack in question, requesting that his connection with it might be considered as *withdrawn*. At the time we expressed a doubt whether the publisher of a pamphlet could effectually *withdraw* from the consequences of his act; and so appear to have thought Mr. COLLIER and his legal advisers. On the 17th inst., Sir F. THESIGER moved the Court of Queen's Bench for a rule calling upon Mr. SMITH to show cause why a criminal information should not be filed against him for having published the pamphlet. After reading Mr. COLLIER's affidavit, Lord CAMPBELL refused the rule, for the curious reason that Mr. COLLIER had rebutted all the charges made against him, and that, therefore, there could be no good reason for punishing his traducer. According to Lord CAMPBELL, therefore, the law permits you to attack an innocent man, and will only step in to defend the guilty. But his Lordship declared that "he had the pleasure of knowing Mr. COLLIER," and that, perhaps, was the better reason for preventing the prosecution of an inquiry that might have been attended with awkward results. Perhaps, too, a charge of plagiarism was one which the author of "The Lives of the Chancellors" would rather be excused adjudicating upon. It is, moreover, a curious fact in connection with this case, that Mr. J. P. COLLIER was Lord CAMPBELL's literary assistant in seeing the above-named work through the press.

Mr. BENJAMIN WEBSTER's suggestion respecting the method of expending the ALLEYNE bequest has attracted a great deal of attention. It has been proposed to admit one indigent actor and one actress as in-door pensioners, and one actor and one actress as out-door recipients of the ex-actor's bounty; also to bestow a few presentations to the school department of the college upon the children of indigent actors. These suggestions are so reasonable and humane that we hope they will be carried out.

The journalist world is full of rumours importing change and novelty. Probably the peace prospects will have their effect in encouraging speculation in connection with the cheap press. Mr. BRIGHT and his friends are shortly about to commence a penny paper at their own cost, and we understand that an excellent corps of parliamentary reporters is already engaged. Some notion may be gathered of the difficulties with which the promoters of the cheap press have to contend from the fact that the *Daily Telegraph*

(which has been generally spoken of as a success) is said to have accomplished a circulation of only 15,000, which, at three-farthings per copy, leaves exactly 46l. 17s. 6d. for paper, printing, writing, editing, and expenses of all sorts, in addition to what may be obtained from advertising sources. This paper, so far as printing is concerned, now makes common cause with the *Morning Chronicle*. There has been some gossiping lately about the change in the editorship of the *Literary Gazette*, common report giving it to Mr. PETER CUNNINGHAM. This, we have reason to believe, is not true; but (if what we hear be true), the real gentleman is known, even better than Mr. CUNNINGHAM, for his anti-quarian pursuits. Of course there is a great deal of talk about the success of the new periodicals. The *Train* is said to have left all its competitors far behind. The *Idler* may now plume itself upon having a Quarterly Reviewer (what a word of power that title once was!) among its contributors. The article on SELDEN in the last number of the *Quarterly* was by Mr. JAMES HANNAY, and is spoken of with great admiration, as a picture worthy of that witty and profound talker. The proposed dinner to be given to Mr. WILLIAM RUSSELL, the Crimean correspondent of the *Times*, by his brethren of the press, has not yet come off, and it is doubtful whether it ever will. Such are the lamentable jealousies which divide the world of journalism, that a committee cannot even be named which would be likely to get a hearing from the entire body. The Parthenon Club (of which Mr. RUSSELL is a member), the Fielding, and "Our Club" (a new social corporation, consisting altogether of good men and true) have already entertained the brilliant reporter. At one of these entertainments it was suspected that an attempt would be made by some of those ubiquitous gentlemen who cultivate the art of stenography to obtain a report of the proceedings. The dining-room was, therefore, strictly "tiled," and the result was that a vigilant steward discovered a reporter under the disguise of a waiter, and lurking behind the screen with note-book in hand. Of course the gentleman was summarily ejected, and posterity is denied the gratification of enjoying the "flow of soul" which characterised the occasion. There is a report, by the by, that, if the war continues, Mr. RUSSELL will not return to the Crimea, but is to join the Baltic Fleet. It is also said (with what truth we know not) that in the event of a Crimean correspondent being required, Mr. Woods, the late reporter of the *Morning Herald*, will be selected. The *Times*' reporter, now with Omar Pasha, is no other than the celebrated OLIPHANT, the author of the "Shores of the Black Sea."

The *Athenæum* has been preferring some extraordinary complaints against "the rigour" exercised in the examinations for the Civil Service; and suggests that the severity observed should be somewhat relaxed. The fact is, that all that the examiners require is proficiency in reading, spelling, and common arithmetic. In cases where the official duties necessitate the writing of letters, the candidates' knowledge of English composition has been investigated. Surely this rule is not so very rigorous. The majority of rejected candidates have been plucked for inability to spell English properly, when writing from dictation.

We have received an interesting note from a correspondent, informing us that His Highness Prince LOUIS LUCIEN BONAPARTE, the distinguished philologist, brother to the Prince of CASINO, and cousin to the Emperor, has caused

a translation of the Gospel of St. Matthew into Lowland Scotch to be executed at his own expense. Only eighteen copies of this literary curiosity have been printed, and these have been distributed as follows:—

1. Bibliothèque Impériale.
2. British Museum.
3. Bible Society.
4. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.
5. Bodleian.
6. Cambridge.
7. Durham.
8. Edinburgh.
9. Glasgow.
10. St. Andrew.
11. Aberdeen.
12. Trinity College, Dublin.
13. Rev. Dr. Aitken, Minto.
14. Mr. Riddell, the translator.
15. Mr. S. Bagster, London.
16. Mr. C. J. Stewart, London.

The two remaining copies have been retained by the Prince himself.

Messrs. LONGMANS have issued their very useful catalogue of the various periodicals, newspapers, and stamped publications issued in London—a valuable boon to the journalist and advertiser.

#### A NIGHTMARE.

Once they whispered my weak heart  
She was false whose deep calm eyes  
Chained and tranced my listening life  
With their love-wrought histories.

So I stole out warily  
Under the still starlit sky,  
Whilst each branch that creaked on high  
Rent my heart with fresh alarms.  
Soft I crept, and saw them stand,  
My young wife in his bold arms!  
Back the blood rushed to my heart,  
High in air I shook the steel,  
Smote him once, and twice, and thrice,  
Deep as arm can deal.  
Loud his paramour—my wife—  
Shrieked and prayed for his foul life,  
Caught my wrist in frantic strife,  
Wept and prayed—I dragged the knife  
From his breast, and caught her hand,  
Twined her fingers round the haft;  
Sore she cried—I laughed, I laughed,  
"Good," he had not perished yet,  
"Good," he still might pay the debt!  
So I tasted vengeance due,  
For I guided her hand well,  
And I made her stab him through,  
Stab him surely through and through,  
Till her white arm got a hue  
Of his heart's adulterous flood;  
Then, to crown my vengeance rare,  
Her white breast I laid it bare,  
Through the beating beauty there,  
Once, and twice, and thrice I smote;  
Whilst my brain reeled round I smote;  
Then I joyed in vengeance great,  
And I left her to her fate,  
Lying on her borrowed mate—  
Oh, but my heart was desolate!

Then I woke, 'twas but a dream,  
But a foul and evil dream!  
It was dawn, and my young bride,  
She was nestling at my side,  
While each tress's golden billow  
Rolled o'er coverlid and pillow,  
With her hands clasped on her breast,  
Perfect Purity in rest!  
And the sweet fresh morning air,  
Like an angel presence there,  
Filled the room, and filled my heart;  
And I saw the sunbeams dart  
Through the boughs that interlace  
Round the window's latticed space,  
And I feared them as they streamed—  
Angels' glistening wings they seemed.  
Then, whilst I sad tears did weep,  
Sure, I saw a glory creep—  
On the morning stillness deep  
Saw it—whilst my heart did leap—  
Crown my young wife's happy sleep.

J. J. BRITTON.

## ENGLISH LITERATURE.

### HISTORY.

*The History of England from the Accession of James the Second.* By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. Vols. III. and IV. London: Longman and Co.

By this time we doubt not that most of the readers of THE CRITIC are intimately versed in the contents of these new volumes. They know how the Jacobite reaction followed the Orange revolution: how Tory rose against Whig and Whig against Tory; how gallantly Londonderry held out; how chivalrously Dundee fell in the gorge of Killiecrankie; how William crossed the

Boyne, and how Russell fought at La Hogue; how William's diplomacy repaired his failures in the field, and how he learned, like the Russian Peter, to extract the most complete success out of his worst disasters. We shall therefore neither epitomise nor mutilate a story so whole in itself, nor shall we give extracts from a work which is a collection of beauties. But some notice, in the nature at once of a just homage to genius, and an independent consideration of prominent features, whether charms or defects, is the debt which every review owes to its readers on this occasion.

Of the merits of these volumes, as a work of

rhetoical art, there can be only one opinion. Even the jaundiced essayist of the *Quarterly*, who sought on the publication of the first two volumes to vent the malice of his impotent revenge for a just chastisement by exposing microscopically minute flaws—even he, with every small faculty sharpened into preternatural acuteness, turned hopelessly from the task of dethroning the mightiest master of modern English prose. Mr. Macaulay is not only first of modern English prose writers, but there is none second to him. Only Mr. Carlyle could dispute the title with him; but Mr. Carlyle stands by himself, as a brilliantly eccentric planet whose permanent situa-



tion in the universe of literature has yet to be ascertained. That it will be in the highest Empyrean none can doubt; but, as yet, he shines too distantly, with his grand form shrouded in a multitude of intervening atmospheres, through which the exoteric world of our time will hardly penetrate. "He is the evening star, always remaining between dark and bright;" moving on the uttermost verge of comprehensible nature, and more than half lost in that supersensuous nature into which man's eye has never pierced, nor has it entered into his mind nor heart to understand it. How different is Mr. Macaulay! He moves above us indeed, but only just so far above us as that our eyes can follow him; and, although we cannot see things clearly without his aid, yet, as soon as he has guided our sight and directed our thoughts, we stand with him, at least in fancy, side by side. He makes his knowledge our knowledge—his reasoning our reasoning. It is not for us to exhume those fossil antiquities which he is so eager in collecting, and so luminous and ingenious in arranging. Still less is it for any one of us to make a pen, like his, a magician's wand, by which history becomes, not merely a picture, but a resuscitation of the past. But, nevertheless, he is one of us—nobler, grander, sublimer, deeper, and infinitely more learned and more philosophical; but, though a loftier brother, he is thoroughly English, thoroughly natural, and one with us in thought and in blood. Unlike his transcendental rival—and Mr. Macaulay is never transcendental—he is to the mass of readers like Wordsworth's Lucy—"a creature not too bright nor good for human nature's daily food." All that he says, all that he does, are touches which excite irresistibly those sympathies by which the whole world is made kin. He is always intelligible, and therefore always prepossessing—always sensible, and therefore always sure of attention—always picturesque, and therefore always exciting. He satisfies completely Addison's definition of wit—a definition which is applicable to every form of inventive genius. He is natural without being obvious: he seizes, for the most part, with faultless skill that which is most surprising and interesting in his subject, and, by arranging these materials judiciously, in periods of curious felicity or artful negligence, he has made history, what long since he taught that history ought to be—a true tale, whose absorbing interest surpasses that of the most exciting fiction.

Mr. Macaulay is pre-eminently the Englishman of the day. He is the impersonation, not by any means of the entire English character, but he is the impersonation of that portion of it which makes us what we call ourselves—a practical nation. The substratum of that character is clear, upright, and unsophisticated common sense. Such common sense is often misled by prejudice, by passion, by partisanship, by casual habits and circumstances of situation and education, by a supreme self-willedness and spirit of dogmatism in which instinct stands for reason. But the worst that can be said of this faculty is that it is thoughtless, unreasonable, and shallow. Its patent deficiencies are natural, and not intellectual. Whenever it errs—as it errs daily and hourly—it can generally, perhaps always, appeal from reason to nature, or, what is practically the same thing, to some principle of personal or party interest. Common sense is the language of our concrete instincts, as excited by the circumstances of our temporal interests. It is the criterion, by induction and comparison, of things as they are visibly, and of things as they will be. It is the epitomised philosophy of facts that have been generalised; and according as the generalisation is coloured by fashionable modes of thought, it will form a chronicle which, however inaccurate, is sure to be popular. "We readily believe that which we anxiously desire to be true."

Such a historian and such a philosopher is Mr. Macaulay; assuredly of a high, if not of the highest school. He sees clearly all that he does see; he feels strongly, and therefore he writes forcibly. If not always honest and true, he always means and tries to be both. In truth, putting aside the correctness of his facts and his reasonings, it is this quality of unimpeachable earnestness which forms no small part of his popularity. People believe him to be, what undoubtedly he is, an honest and pre-eminently able man in search of truth; and, therefore, when he errs they pity but do not blame him. Partial and frequently bigoted we believe him to be; but earnest, single-minded, and high-minded veracity of purpose is the essential nature of such a mind

as Mr. Macaulay's. In principle that mind is the mind of Fabricius, of whom it was said that it was more easy to cause the sun to swerve from its course than the calm Roman from the truth. But Mr. Macaulay is not a Roman, but an excitable Anglo-Celt; and we are not sure that we do not like him all the more for the fact that, although in spirit he is uncommonly willing, in the flesh he is equally weak; and when the Anteros of party slips between him and the truth, he clasps it as Ixion clasped the cloud.

Let us apply these remarks to the volumes before us. In power they are fully equal to their predecessors. There is the same unmistakable and unapproachable style; the same lucid accumulation and selection of facts; the same artful combination of narrative, logic, and rhetoric; the same pungent analysis of characters and motives; the same ingenious tessellation of circumstances into illustrations of favourite axioms. In action the epic has more of the Odyssey than of the Iliad. The moral is the triumph of conscientious patience over the bigoted incapacity of James and the insolent domination of Louis. Through all the fiery ordeal of national ingratitude, personal treachery, wholesale perfidy in trusted councillors—through all the chequered trials of the good and brave man doing battle for the good and the true against wrong, injustice, ignorance, insolence, contumely, and constant defeat—the hero of this great story is brought safely, and seated firmly on his throne, and his enemies are slain or scattered before his threshold. It is needless to add that the Ulysses of this tale is William of Orange.

Those were strange times, such as we cannot now well conceive, much less realise. They were times of revolution; ours are merely times of reform; and revolution and reform are two radically distinct natures. It is important in reading this page of our history to bear this fact in mind; for it will, we submit, explain away some popular prejudices in which the illustrious writer of these volumes evidently shares. It is a fashion, which he has set, to talk complacently just at present of the vast superiority of public, and especially political morality, in these days, over that of the days which preceded and followed the revolution of 1688. We do not dispute that there is much foundation for this belief; but we deny that it is either so solid or so extensive as the political essayists and lecturers of the nineteenth century of Englishmen contend. A revolution is a national bankruptcy in many of its actual, and in all of its probable or possible results. Society is for the time reduced or nearly reduced to its first principles, and the first principle of social, as of individual life, is self-preservation. Men are tried severley—far more severely than the heirs of a hundred and sixty years of constitutional tranquillity can either appreciate or understand. When every day may, not improbably, bring forth a sudden and violent dissolution of the existing order of things, with all its terrible consequences of general and personal ruin, it is not wonderful that the mass of humanity—that all but the very strongest and rarest natures—should succumb to that fearful volcanic uncertainty of circumstances, and should tremulously hurry from side to side, from party to party, in the passionate anxiety for nature's first wants—security for life and property. Against such necessities, as when men are drowning, of what avail are the highest principles and even duties of morality? If a man can save himself by striking his neighbour from his neighbour's own plank, will he pause to consider, or, if so pausing, will he yield to the reflection that the plank is the lawful property of his neighbour as the first comer? Cato perhaps will; but certainly John Smith will not; and as the world is, even in our philanthropic times, made up of John Smiths, this fact will enable us to understand how men, even great statesmen, even sensitive and, on the whole, honourable men like Shrewsbury, could intrigue with James while holding the seals of William; why Dundee, who feared only dishonour and cared not for death, should palter with his word; why even Halifax, for whose magnanimous mind the falling party was always the attractive party, should betray a vacillation and a weakness, when inclination, as usual, prompted him to raise and embrace a prostrate foe. When such men failed, who shall say that he would have stood? When such men were overcome by temptation, we may well believe that inferior natures, such as Marlborough and Sunderland, might fail from their plighted faith as gentlemen, from their oaths as liege sub-

jects, and yet not be quite devils incarnate, nor even monsters in human form. "Poor humanity!" said Lord Bolingbroke, as he looked on the last moral and physical agony of the dying Pope. "Poor humanity!" surely we may also say, in all Christian or philosophical charity, as we survey, calmly at a distance and at our ease, the conduct of our ancestors when excited by the prospect of imminent dissolution. Of course we should have done much better; we should have remembered our plighted honour, revered our sacred oaths; we should have exclaimed—Let justice be done and the heavens overwhelm us. Yet fear is a strange and powerful reasoner. It is wonderful what a very different aspect things have when a man's neck is under the guillotine, and when he has a minute's respite to consider the blade above him. It is very necessary at such a time that somebody, like Sir Lucius, should be standing by to edge in a word about our honour: otherwise it is just possible that it may ooze out of our palms just at the very and only moment when it is required for active service. There are still Shrewsburies: there is still a great statesman whose courage only the other day oozed out at Vienna at a period, trying indeed, but considerably less critical than the era of '88. There are still celebrated men who have shown themselves amply competent to bear the light olive-branch of peace, but whose untrained sinews have failed utterly when required to wield the mighty tomahawk of war. There are found in private life men—the trusted confidantes of fortunes—who, by one false step, have brought themselves within the pale of the criminal law, in the frantic endeavour to maintain or retrieve a time-honoured position by a daring and unauthorised extension of an ill-defined trust. Such men are perhaps neither villains nor hypocrites; but they are weak men, as most men are weak, and their weakness must be reprobated, and, if possible, punished, for the sake of example and of society. Men are not found wanting until they have been tried. They walk, talk, act, and live very similarly in similar and tranquil circumstances; but, when the convulsion comes, how manifold are the forms of panic, how rare the instances of firmness and serenity! Let him only, or rather let not even him, who is without infirmity in a state of tranquillity, fling the stone at his weak brother who is wrestling with the agony of death.

On such grounds, which need not be expanded, we venture to submit that Mr. Macaulay judges somewhat too severely the actions of the statesmen of the times which followed the Revolution of 1688. Men remembered the Long Parliament and its purging by Cromwell. They remembered the brilliant but chequered episode of his reign, and the chaos which succeeded it. Whiggism had failed so utterly then, that men might well be pardoned for doubting, as soon as the pressure of tyranny was removed, whether it would succeed better under the new dynasty. Again, it was utterly un-English, and as such it is still hateful to our thoughts. William of Orange was, indeed, a nobleman of Nature's school; but so was Condé, so was Luxemburg; and what Englishman even now could endure the thought of an English empire, peaceably established, by even such men? The curse of that necessary but hateful revolution was the introduction of un-English rulers and un-English influences, which lasted through the next century, which many think still to be far from extinct. The Sovereign became and continued long an alien from his people. His court consisted of aliens; his family was educated under alien influences. Great, good, and noble as William was, it would have been, even unto our own days, far better for England that he should have been sent back with his Dutchmen, and that the infant son of James should have been torn by war, if he could not have been gained by negotiation, from the arms of the fatuous tyrant, whose bigotry and selfishness objected to such a step as the bitterest drop in the bitter cup which after mixing for himself he had so deservedly been forced to drain—it would have been better that even the hazardous experiment of an entirely new dynasty should have been tried, than that England should recover constitutional freedom only by the permanent sacrifice of national government. Surely, even in the earthy and grovelling nature of Marlborough it may be charitably and reasonably presumed that a spark of natural and English regret made him desire to see Englishmen governed again by Englishmen. Englishmen were far more English then than now, when they are merging in cosmo-

politan philanthropists. Yet even now the hatred of foreign influences is still a principle, and, to some extent, a passion with the nation. When a thought or a suspicion of their existence arises, the ominous murmur of the people sounds through the breadth and length of the country. What must that sentiment and murmur have been when the people, although far less refined, were far more primitive and natural than they are now? Therefore we think that Mr. Macaulay, in his passionate admiration for the admirable, has given the false councillors of William too little credit for national sentiment, and debited them too largely for undoubted hollowness and perfidy.

(To be continued.)

*A Child's History of the United States.* By JOHN BONNER. London: Sampson Low, and Co. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1856.

MR. BONNER confesses, with great frankness, that the idea of writing this little history of his country was suggested by Mr. Dickens's "Child's History of England." It is written in a very clear and intelligible style, and, were it not for a very strong anti-English tendency which pervades the whole work, we should have had no hesitation in recommending it to those who are desirous of acquiring a general knowledge of the history of the United States. We take at random a few of the passages which manifest the spirit we complain of, and leave our readers to judge for themselves. Apropos of Lord Cornbury, we are told.

As he was very much in debt, notwithstanding all the money he had squeezed out of the province, his creditors sued him, and he was thrown into jail. The people were in hopes he would learn wisdom at a virtue in his prison-cell; but they forgot he was a lord, and cousin to the Queen of England. There is a law in England which declares that peers shall only be imprisoned in certain very rare cases, and never for such paltry matters as not paying their debts. With the help of this law Lord Cornbury got out of jail. His father dying shortly afterwards, he became Earl of Clarendon, and went home to England, where he passed for a very remarkable man, and a great statesman.

Is it possible that the American historian confounds this ex-governor with the great Lord Clarendon?

The appointments of English governors are all mentioned in this spirit. In recording the appointment of James Montgomery over the State of New York, Mr. Bonner states that he was a gentleman of King George's bedchamber, and makes the profound observation that he (the King) "thought that it was much the same thing to keep a province as a bedroom in order;" doubtless supposing that "a gentleman of the bedchamber" is nothing better than a menial, who sweeps the carpets and makes the beds.

Here is another specimen of Mr. Bonner's impartial spirit:—

The King of England was always squabbling with the King of France, or some other king; and every now and then, when he was in the humour, he would declare war. Then, as you have heard, the settlers in the colonies, who had no interest whatever in those royal squabbles, were obliged to fight for their lives, and often saw their houses burned down, and their wives and children carried off into captivity. After a time, when the kings were tired of the sport, peace would be made, and nobody ever asked what the colonies wanted. They were expected to fight when the King was in the war-humour, and to lay down their arms when he was in the peace humour again, and always to look pleasant and cheerful. How comfortable it must have been to be a colonist in those days!

And again:—

The great lords in England were never tired of sending out members of their own families to be governors of the colonies in America . . . as most of these noble gentlemen were rather thick-headed and hard-hearted than otherwise, the colonies had great reason to dislike the system.

This is vulgar and personal enough; but passages are not wanting in which the entire people of England are shamelessly traduced and maligned. At the outbreak of the war, the Americans sent over to this country a document calling upon all who wished for a change to join them. This act and its consequences are thus recorded by Mr. Bonner:—

They also sent an address to the people of England, who were as cruelly oppressed by the great lords as themselves, calling upon them to join them in standing up for the rights of man. Nothing ever came of this last paper. I believe the people of England often

thought, over their firesides, that their brothers in America were quite right, and wished the time would come for them too to rise against the King and the great lords. But it did not; and has not come quite yet, though there are many wise persons who think it is not far distant.

A work like this may possibly achieve a popularity on the other side of the Atlantic, but it has very little chance on this.

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*Letters of John Calvin, compiled from the Original Manuscripts, and edited with Historical Notes, by Dr. JULES BONNET. Vol. I. Translated from the Latin and French languages by DAVID CONSTABLE. Edinburgh: Constable and Co.*

"GATHER up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." Such might have been the motto, and not an inappropriate one we think, for the present publication. Of a great man we wish to know all that can be known. And Calvin was pre-eminently great; of all the Reformers second only to him of Wittenberg; intellectually, perhaps, his equal. Calvin's theological treatises are but little read at the present day, although frequently referred to. But it would be difficult fully to estimate the wonderful influence that they exercised over the men of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. And that influence still survives. Calvin moulded his dogmatic teaching into a grand intellectual system, coherent in all its parts, and like the Macedonian phalanx presenting a firm front against any and all kind of assailants. Woe be to the enemy that precipitated himself against it. Caught upon one or other of those thousand unbending, bristling spears, what could be the result of such a contest? And the weapons of Calvinism are still as unbending, and bright, and keen, as ever. At the present day not only are the doctrines of Calvin still firmly maintained in France, Switzerland, the Netherlands, England and Scotland, but in the last mentioned country the form of Church government devised by him still prevails, scarcely one whit altered from what it was when he corresponded about it with Knox and the other Scotch Reformers. Let us add that Calvinism is still, as ever, the determined foe of sacerdotalism, and we shall not be surprised at its extraordinary vitality. "Whosoever the word of God is sincerely preached and heard," says Calvin, "and the Sacraments are administered according to the institution of Christ, there, no doubt, is a church of God; since his promise cannot fail, that when two or three are gathered together in his name he is in the midst of them." Such a declaration as this at once sweeps away all the pretensions of priestcraft, and hallows the memory of Calvin to every friend of religious freedom.

Before proceeding further let us briefly sketch the principal events in Calvin's life. Born in 1509, of poor parents, at Noyon, in Picardy, he was at an early age distinguished for his piety, and became the protégé of a wealthy family who sent him to the University of Paris with a view to his being educated for the Church. While pursuing his studies, he became imbued with the new doctrines, as they were called, which were so totally opposed to what would be expected of him as a Romish ecclesiastic that he gladly complied with his father's desire to turn his attention to the law. With this object he studied successively at Orleans and Bruges. Divinity, however, occupied his mind more than law. He read the Scriptures, studied Greek, and at last made an open profession of his belief in the doctrines of the Reformation. Returning to Paris, he there published his first work, which was a commentary upon Seneca's "De Clementia" (Paris, 1532); but soon afterwards, in consequence of some expression of his religious sentiments which drew upon him the indignation of both the Parliament and the Sorbonne, he was obliged to leave Paris, and take shelter, first in one place and afterwards in another, until he finally settled for a while at Angoulême. Here he found protection with his friend Louis Du Tillet, a dignitary of the Church, and occupied his time, partly in teaching Greek, and partly in the composition of his famous work called the "Institutes of the Christian Religion." In 1534 he again returned to Paris, under the auspices of the Queen of Navarre; but in the same year was obliged to quit, not only that city, but France itself, from the cause above-mentioned, and retire into Switzerland. We there find him re-

siding successively at Basle and Geneva. He also made a hurried tour in Italy. At Geneva he was received with open arms by Farel, Viret, and other distinguished leaders of the Reformation in Switzerland. The Reformed religion had been already openly adopted and established by law in Geneva, and Calvin was prevailed upon to remain there and lend his aid towards giving it solidity and consistence. He accordingly became a preacher and public lecturer in divinity. Anxious, however, not merely to introduce a change of doctrine, but of morals as well at Geneva, and being quite uncompromising in this respect, Calvin and Viret gave mortal offence to some of the ruling inhabitants, and were consequently both of them expelled by a vote of the Senate on the 23rd of April, 1538. Vigorous efforts were thenceforward made to induce the city and canton to return to the Romish Communion. All, however, were of no effect. Calvin, during his banishment, resided for the most part at Strasburgh, where, by his increasing activity, he managed to direct affairs in such a manner that he came to be regarded as the ruling spirit of the Reformation, not only at Geneva, but throughout Switzerland, France, and Italy. In 1541, Calvin and the other exiled ministers were recalled to Geneva with universal acclamation. Thenceforward to the year of his death, 1568, he was absolute dictator in all matters, whether religious or civil. He drew up a liturgy and form of ecclesiastical discipline the most stringent that the world has yet seen. But such was the extraordinary influence of his character, that it was generally received and acted upon to the letter. The malcontents held their peace, or if ever they objected they were easily crushed. The Government of Geneva, in fact, became a perfect theocracy, of which Calvin was the Samuel. But now the question naturally rises, "How did he use this extraordinary power?" Upon the whole, it must be answered, Well! Calvin found that in the community over which he was called upon to preside there prevailed a general licentiousness both of morals and manners, and this he determined to restrain. He was resolved that men calling themselves Christians should acknowledge outwardly, at least, the obligations of religion. Upon no other terms would he consent to rule them. His system, therefore, was thorough; and Geneva, under his sway, from being licentious became moral; instead of being split up into factions, its citizens became united, orderly and peaceable, prosperous at home and respected abroad. It is true that this state of things was maintained under terrible penalties. Adultery and heresy were punished by death; and in one memorable instance at least, that of Servetus, we see Calvin himself pursuing his illustrious victim with an implacable animosity which would be content with nothing short of a lingering death at the stake. For such conduct there is no excuse, scarcely even a palliation. But Calvin, in punishing heresy with death, acted in concert with all other Protestant communities. The character of the Reformation was frequently stained by such executions; it is a fact that, in England itself, even so late as James I., two persons were burned for heresy—one at Smithfield, and the other in one of our provincial towns. When we condemn Calvin, therefore, for the murder of Servetus, let us think of the numerous fires that blazed elsewhere, and above all let us never forget the hundreds of poor, innocent old women that were hung for witchcraft both in this country and America, although the presiding judge may have been a humane Christian like Sir Matthew Hale.

Without Calvin it is fearful to think what might have been the fate of the Reformation. With a formidable new order sprung up in the Church of Rome, organised expressly to combat against Protestantism, with a fluctuating court and nobility in England, divided counsels in Germany, an overwhelming majority of enemies in France, and the whole power of Spain determined to crush it, it would have gone hard with Protestantism, were it not for Calvin and that sturdy little republic to which he gave laws at the foot of the Alps. There the refugees from France and the Marian exiles from our own country found shelter and consolation. There religion and literature flourished together in sweet harmony. There Beza wrote, and Robert Stephens and his more illustrious son Henry both wrote and printed. Accurate editions of the Bible, learned commentaries upon the same, theological treatises and editions of the classics, issued from the press. The education of all classes was carefully attended to, and persons in



power were taught to regard not merely the temporal, but the moral and spiritual interests of their dependents. All this was brought about under the auspices of Calvin, himself a rigid and austere man, unblamable in morals, inflexible of purpose, of dauntless energy and perseverance, although of weak health, so that we are not surprised at his being laid in the grave, in consequence of his untiring exertions, at the comparatively early age of fifty-four. On his death-bed he summoned together the principal authorities and ministers of Geneva, in whose presence he called God to witness that he had preached the Gospel among them in its purity, and, after exhorting them all to remember his counsels and lead a godly life, he quietly expired on the 27th of May, 1564.

The life-portrait of Calvin, sketched for us by his own hand, is now lying before us in this edition of his epistolary correspondence. Upon the importance of such a publication it would be idle to enlarge. It is the result of five years of research carried on among the archives of Switzerland, France, Germany, and England. No labour has been spared to render it as complete as possible.

The correspondence of Calvin (says M. Bonnet) begins in his youth and is only closed on his death-bed (May 1528 to May 1564). It thus embraces, with few intervals, all the phases of his life; from the obscure scholar of Bourges and Paris, escaping from the stake by flying into exile, to the triumphant Reformer, who was able in dying to contemplate his work as accomplished. Nothing can exceed the interest of this correspondence, in which an epoch and a life of the most absorbing interest are reflected in a series of documents equally varied and genuine, and in which the familiar effusions of friendship are mingled with the more serious questions of theology, and with the heroic breathings of faith. From his bed of suffering and of continued labours Calvin followed with an observant eye the great drama of the Reformation, marking its triumphs and its reverses in every state of Europe. Invested, in virtue of his surpassing genius, with an almost universal apostolate, he wielded an influence as varied and as plastic as his activity. He exhorts with the same authority the humble ministers of the Gospel and the powerful monarchs of England, Sweden, and Poland. He holds communion with Luther and Melancthon, animates Knox, encourages Coligny, Condé, Jeanne d'Albret, and the Duchess of Ferrara; while in his familiar letters to Farel, Viret, and Theodore Beza, he pours out the overflowings of a heart filled with the deepest and most acute sensibility. The same man, worn by watchings and sickness, but rising by the energy of the soul above the weakness of the body, overturns the party of the Libertines, lays the foundations of the greatness of Geneva, establishes foreign churches, strengthens the martyrs, dictates to the Protestant princes the wisest and most perspicuous counsels; negotiates, argues, teaches, prays; and with his latest breath gives utterance to words of power, which posterity receives as the political and religious testament of the man. These indications are sufficient to show the interest that attaches to the correspondence of the Reformer.

M. Bonnet goes on to show that, while all the Reformed Churches have a common property in this correspondence, England's portion in the legacy is neither the least nor the least interesting. Calvin was a keen observer of the state of religion in England, and of the long struggle that had been carried on here against ecclesiastical tyranny from the time of Wycliffe to that of Tyndal. "He condemned with great severity the spiritual tyranny of Henry the Eighth, and the endeavours of that prince to substitute a sanguinary imperial popedom for that of Rome." On the accession of Edward the Sixth—that pious prince, early rewarded for his virtues with a celestial crown, too soon for his country!—Calvin exercised a marked influence on the counsels of the crown, and traced out with a judicious hand such a line of policy as he thought was best suited for the interests of the nation. In a letter written to the young sovereign himself, he addresses him in the following paternal but respectful terms: "It is a great thing, Sir, to be a king, and especially of such a country; and yet I doubt not that you regard it as above all comparison greater to be a Christian. It is indeed an inestimable privilege that God has granted to you, Sir, that you should be a Christian king, and that you should serve him as his lieutenant to uphold the kingdom of Jesus Christ in England." When Edward died, and his gloomy, fanatic sister sought to reduce England yet once again under the Roman yoke by a sanguinary persecution, we find Calvin sympathising with the sufferers, and receiving with open arms all that could manage to escape. Again, when that

reign of terror is over, "he rejoices in the accession of Elizabeth, freely exhorts her ministers, and his advice, dictated by a wisdom and prescience to which time has set its seal, furnishes the most remarkable proof of the faith and the genius of the Reformer."

Calvin's letters, in the original, are models of composition. Those written in Latin appear to be formed on the models of Cicero and Seneca; while in French "he writes as one of the creators of that language, which is indebted to him for some of its finest characteristics." Mr. Constable, in discharging his office of translator, appears to us (without comparing them with the originals) to have at least succeeded in this—that, while reading them, we are scarcely conscious that they are translations. This English edition, in fact, is brought out with the greatest care. It is intended to be in four octavo volumes, and to embrace about six hundred of the Reformer's letters. The original Paris edition is to contain more; but those omitted in the English will be enumerated in an appendix, with a sufficient summary of their contents. At present this is all we can afford to say with respect to this highly important contribution to the literature of the Reformation.

## POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

*Manual of Political Science, for the use of Schools, and more especially of Candidates for the Civil Service.* By E. R. HUMPHREYS, LL.D. London: Longmans.

We do not believe with Dr. Humphreys, that politics can be advantageously made the subject of scholastic teaching. The extremely uncertain nature of the science (the word itself is almost a misnomer) renders it impossible to bind it to any fixed principles; and it is absurd, therefore, to attempt to teach by rule that which has not yet been proved to be susceptible of proof upon logical grounds. Judging, moreover, from the internal evidence afforded by these pages, we are afraid that Dr. Humphreys himself has much to learn in these matters before he can safely undertake to instruct others. Remembering that this is an endeavour to treat politics in an exact manner, what shall be said of an assertion that "if all the operations were to be performed by a single artisan, the price of the manufactured commodity would probably be five hundred times as much as it is"? The chapter on Wealth is one great congeries of blunders, from which we select some of the more glaring.

The diamond is the most commercially valuable article of which we are aware; not, evidently, because it is of any practical utility, or because it supplies any of our physical requirements and enjoyments, but because it is limited in supply.

A principle which, if accurate, would render Oliver Cromwell's skull (which is unique) infinitely more valuable than the Koh-i-Noor. The value of the diamond arises from the fact that the supply is small in proportion to the demand; and the demand is caused by the fact that it does minister to "our physical enjoyments."

Further on, we find a distinction drawn between the fixed capital of a manufacturer, and the intellectual estate from whence a physician or a lawyer derives his revenue. The attempt to classify intellect as wealth is of itself simply ridiculous; but it derives an added absurdity from the refinements of Dr. Humphreys.

This description of wealth differs in two remarkable peculiarities from all other exchangeable commodities; in the first place, the intellectual endowments cannot be lost or destroyed by any of the numerous accidents to which all other wealth is liable; the burning of houses, the wrecking of ships, cannot remove them for ever from the possessor; the Creator who bestows them can alone take them away; and, secondly, although some of their uses and benefits may be exchanged for wealth of an ordinary kind, the capital is always undiminished.

We presume that by this curious sentence Dr. Humphreys means to assert that no calamity can destroy the value of intellect as fire and water destroy houses and ships; but here he is wrong, for disease may; and although that contingency may seem to be provided for by the next paragraph, it should be recollected that disease may be self-induced, and often is, by drunkenness. Moreover, the destructive operations of fire and water must be considered as emanating from the Supreme Power and Will, as completely as the ravaging effects of disease.

The articles which constitute wealth itself are

divided by Dr. Humphreys into "the necessities, the decencies, and the luxuries of life." Oblivious of Spain and of Pennsylvania, he soon afterwards informs us, that "national wealth differs from that of an individual, in the circumstance that it cannot be fraudulently acquired." Anything more unscientific and inaccurate than this it would be difficult to conceive.

We observe that the manual is designed especially for the use of "Candidates for the Civil Service;" but candidates for the civil service are not examined in politics; and, if they were, we have a shrewd suspicion that Dr. Humphreys's manual would lead them into a certain pluck.

## SCIENCE.

*Analytical Ethnology: the Mixed Tribes in Great Britain and Ireland Examined.* By RICHARD TUTHILL MASSY, M.D. London: H. Baillière; Dublin: Hodges and Smith. 1855.

OUR Celtic friends have a habit, more amusing than harmful certainly, of claiming kindred with almost every celebrated personage who happens to become distinguished in any possible manner. It is a well-known fact (at least in Dublin) that every warrior, from Alexander the Great to Mr. William Smith O'Brien—every poet, from Æschylus to Martin Tupper—and every statesman, from William Pitt to Mr. Duffy—has had a greater or less quantity of Celtic blood within his veins. In short, there never was a man who either did, thought, or said anything of worth on the face of the earth, but his ancestors at some time or other ate praties in the wilds of Connemara, or reared swine amid the bogs of Derry. Now Dr. Massy, being a true and patriotic Irishman, is prepared to show, by logical and scientific arguments *à priori*, that this innate superiority of his race is not only a fact, but the inevitable consequence of a beautiful provision of nature, while the undoubted inferiority of "the Saxon" is equally well secured by immutable law.

The head of the Celt is long and narrow; the forehead angular; the temporal ridge on each side is well marked; Order, Time, Constructiveness, and Ideality are prominent. Hence, his neatness, melody, ingenuity, and refinement are proverbial. He is the Artist, possessing mechanical skill and manual dexterity. His galleries of paintings and sculpture at Versailles, and those of naval design at the Louvre, are all eloquent of his special characteristics.

The Saxon, on the other hand, "has a broad round head"—is, in fact, a very thick-headed loon, with "great mental calculations on *mine and thine*." Truth, justice, and probity are, indeed, allowed him—qualities which Dr. Massy does not include in his catalogue of Irish virtues. In the Celtic head "the region of the aggressive group swells; he is courageous and energetic, irritable and prone to dispute." The irritability and disputativeness we are not inclined to dispute, and few will be inclined to deny the prominence of "the aggressive group;" but how the late achievements of the Ribbonmen and "Peep-o'-day boys" can be reconciled with courage and energy we must leave Dr. Massy to explain.

There is nothing like making out a good strong case when you are at it. Dr. Massy fully appreciates the wisdom of this; for he proves by calculation that there is not only less crime and more education in Ireland than in England, but that all the poetry that is worth reading must have come from a Celtic source.

ALL POETS, ETHNOLOGICALLY SPEAKING, MUST BE CELTIC. THE SAXON UNDERSTANDS NOTHING ABOUT THE IDEAL.

For a nation that boasts of Tom Moore as its best poet this is pretty loud crowing. Dr. Massy proves his case against the Saxon bards, by quoting some doggerel composed in the year 937. Our readers will scarcely believe that this can be gravely urged, so we give the argument as it stands:

Saxon poetry is very lame. Take as a specimen some lines descriptive of the landing of the piratical Northmen. They date about the year 937:

Carnage greater has not been  
In this island  
Ever yet,  
Or people slain  
Before this,  
By edge of swords,  
As books us teach,  
And old writers,  
Since from the East hither  
Angles and Saxons  
Came to land,  
O'er the broad seas.

Whatever of good there may be among us is

invariably of Celtic origin. The best English labourers are Irish (a fact which requires an Hibernicism to express it); even the Scots, who have Celtic blood to boast of, are superior to the degraded Saxons in height, weight, and muscle, as may be shown by the statistical evidence of Professor Forbes. *Apropos* of the Scotch, they will be surprised to learn that Sir Walter was, in all probability, an Irishman after all—one of the “old Irish of Armagh, who were driven from their seat of learning into Scotland and through the wilds of Fermanagh and Leitrim to the far west, and who are yet remarkable for detailing the traditional history of their great leaders in learning, love, and war.”

We really have neither space nor patience to follow Dr. Massy through the entire argument; but we entreat such of our readers as have travelled in the country to compare the following *beau idéal* of the “Celt in Ireland” with the reality.

His proud yet subdued spirit gives to his tall and powerful figure a haughty bearing. Yet speak to him; he is gentle as a child. His soft *brogue* issues, with great richness, from his well-formed mouth; his teeth and lips are matchless, and his skin has a fineness and freshness, with a delicate transparency and great elastic softness, as fresh as the morning of life. He is a lion at heart. Women adore him for his bravery. His courage leads him now to the cannon's mouth, and now to the eagle's nest. His great soul sees no danger and knows no fear. His look proclaims that his purpose is to conquer.

But enough! We have only to read Dr. Massy to learn that Erin is indeed “the first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea,”—that every Irishman is, by the patent of his birth, a king of men, to whom all the virtues and all the qualities which adorn humanity are attributes bestowed by Nature herself. It is true that this somewhat militates against the experience of centuries; but what is the experience of centuries in comparison with the overwhelming torrent of logic and eloquence with which Dr. Massy supports his Analytical Ethnology. Henceforth there can be little need of laws against agrarian outrage, no need for extra garrisons of soldiers, no need for powerful bodies of constabulary; such an angelic being as the Celt in Ireland can surely do no wrong, and has only to be left to the unfettered exercise of his own glorious instincts to make his country the mistress and example of the world.

Dreams! Dreams! When will our Celtic brethren leave off bragging of their greatness, and seriously set about its accomplishment? Fine words will butter no parsnips; and so long as Ireland bears the bitter fruit it does, we must continue to hold our own opinion of her, Dr. Massy and his Analytical Ethnology notwithstanding.

Shall we deny that Ireland has and still does produce many glorious men, ornaments to mankind, shining lights in their generation? By no means. Brave soldiers, great generals, bright wits, men celebrated in art, science, and literature, the names of whom Ireland has good reason to be proud, would swell into an almost endless list. But this, as in all other nations, is the result of cultivation, of happy accidents of birth, of associations in certain isolated families. To ascertain the true character of the race, we must go and study it in its rude and uncultivated form. If we do this, we learn that to attribute great qualities to races as if their natural birthright, is, in all cases, mischievously erroneous. Man in his savage and untamed state is never a very attractive being. To become great and glorious, he must be educated into virtue; his moral and mental faculties must be trained and expanded; generations of freedom must give him a full appreciation of the dignity of honourable independence; he must learn, in fact, that he is something better than a brute. We have yet to learn that the pure specimens of the Celtic race offer any exception to this important rule.

## MEDICINE.

### COLOUR-BLINDNESS.

*Essai sur les Phosphènes, ou Anneaux lumineux de la Retine, &c.* (“An Essay on the Luminous Rings of the Retina (Phosphènes), considered in their relation to the Physiology and Pathology of Vision.”) By Dr. SERRE D'UZÈS, of the Imperial Academy of Medicine, &c. Paris: Victor Masson. London: Baillière. 1853. pp. 500, many diagrams.

We observe in one of the announcements of the course of lectures to be delivered early this year at the Royal Institution, that the subject of colour-blindness (still improperly called Daltonism in the syllabus of the lectures) is to be noticed by the Professor of Natural Philosophy. Dr. Tyndall, the gentleman who so promisingly occupies the chair of the late Dr. Young in the Albemarle-street Institution, has already given many proofs of acuteness and talent in the consideration and unravelling of natural phenomena, and has achieved no mean triumphs in science, although yet young in years and fame. That he should therefore propose to treat a subject to which Professor Wilson's recent researches have imparted so much interest, is not only not surprising but perfectly natural, and a ground for congratulation. Professor Wilson's book has pretty nearly exhausted all the possible explanations of the singular defect of vision he has undertaken to consider. We shall see whether Dr. Tyndall has any new and more satisfactory view to offer of that curious phenomenon.

In the mean time, we would suggest that the new edition of Dr. Wharton Jones's “Principles and Practice of Ophthalmic Medicine and Surgery,” and of Mr. Dixon's account of the *Ophthalmoscope*, should be consulted with the view of eliciting further data for any plausible explanation of certain defects of vision. But, above all, we recommend to Professor Wilson himself, to Sir D. Brewster and Professor Tindall, and others interested in the inquiry, an attentive perusal and study of Dr. Serre's volume, the title of which we have placed at the head of the present article.

At the termination of our first notice of Professor Wilson's book,\* we alluded to his notions respecting the curability, permanent or temporary, or the incurability of colour-blindness; and we likewise promised to refer to his statistics on that subject. Absolute recovery from a defect of this kind, which has existed from birth, Professor Wilson, with many others, does not admit. They even doubt whether age, as some people pretend, can induce any appreciable modification in the perception of colours.† Neither does the Professor's experience lead him to believe that an attempt at self-education in the proper distinction of colours has been of service:—

Among my colour-blind acquaintance (he says) there are probably none who would not sacrifice a great deal to see perfectly; and nearly all have endeavoured to cure themselves of their visual idiosyncrasy, but not one reports a cure; and the best educated and most observant among them are the most decided in declaring that they have given up all hopes of amendment.

It was suggested by an Italian physician to extract the lens, as the supposed cause of the perversion of colour-vision. The absurd proposition was of course never carried into effect. But it so happened that in a case in which both lenses had been removed for a double cataract, the patient, whose sight became good in consequence, and the ordinary perception normal, would nevertheless fancy all persons he met in the streets dressed in green, whenever an attack of vertigo, to which he was subject, came on, and lasted some hours.

The Professor is more encouraging on the subject of the temporary palliation or correction of colour-blindness. After detailing the several methods proposed by others, none of which appears to have been very successful, Dr. Wilson suggests two new schemes, the first of which he says “is probably of more importance than any as yet made known to us.” It is the substitution of artificial light for daylight. He brings forward half-a-dozen cases, as striking illustrations of the correcting power of artificial light—one of which was that of a person who dealt in coloured goods, and had long been in the habit of appealing to a gas flame in a dark room to decide between scarlet and green, and crimson and blue. It is known that the colour of ordinary artificial light is sensibly different from that of daylight: being, as compared to it, yellow or orange, the proportion of blue rays being smaller,

\* See CRITIC, Nov. 15, 1855, page 63.

† Has the author ever directed his attention to the necessity, in cases of colour-blindness, of ascertaining whether the defect is common to both eyes, or peculiar to only one? We do not discover, among the many valuable observations of Professor Wilson, such a point mooted; yet assuredly it should be settled before he can expect to obtain a satisfactory reply to the question he has propounded to himself at page 102:

“May colour-blindness ever depend on such variations in the colour of the internal membranes of the eye as have been shown to occur?”

and of yellow and red rays larger than in daylight. Hence the corrective power of the former, as compared to the latter, in permanent colour-blindness. The second means suggested by the author is the employment of yellow or orange transparent media (glasses,) to reduce daylight to the quantity of ordinary artificial light.

The statistics of colour-blindness are still very imperfect, and chiefly for this reason, that few of those afflicted with it think of applying for advice. Dr. Mackenzie, of Glasgow, states that, among forty thousand cases of eye disease treated by him in thirty years, he can only recall two of colour-blindness. Professor Wilson, nevertheless, has collected much information on this point, and has drawn up the result of an examination of 1154 persons at Edinburgh in 1852-53, which may serve to a certain extent as a guide in proving first, and secondly in endeavouring to avert, the danger of employing persons labouring under such visual defects as signalmen in responsible situations. From the table in question it appears that 21, or 1 in 55, confounded red with green; that 19, or 1 in 60, confounded brown with green; that 25, or 1 in 46, confounded blue with green; and lastly, that, of the total number examined, 65 were found to be colour-blind, being an average of 5·6 per 100: (p. 72.)

Every one who peruses Professor Wilson's treatise must become impressed with the conviction of the great responsibility which devolves on those who have the appointment of signalmen either on railways or on shipboard. In the guidance of railway-trains or of vessels at sea, signals are in constant use which are to a great extent significant solely by their colour, both by day and by night. They were introduced when colour-blindness had not attracted attention, and they did not, therefore, contemplate its occurrence among signalmen. After entering minutely into the peculiar arrangement existing on all railways and on board ship, the Professor proceeds to show the great source of danger should a signal-man prove to be colour-blind. He points out the disadvantages attending the use of red and green for railway coloured signals, since both colours are open to certain objections even when seen by those who are not colour-blind. Blue and yellow would be preferable, as these continue their characteristic colours long after the red and green have become imperfectly visible by faint light, such as that of the setting sun. The objection is still greater to the employment of red and green for lamp night-signals; for, when the distance at which they are to be perceived is great, “red and green lights are not only mistaken for each other, but also for white lights”—a mistake which, according to some curious observations of Professor Tyndall, people even of normal vision are apt to make, especially if red and green light are alternately seen from a distance in quick succession.

Professor Wilson closes the main portion of his treatise, in reference to this particular branch of it, with some apt practical and philosophical suggestions, which, with the consideration of the whole question as very ably developed and discussed in his page, ought to ensure the immediate attention of all railway directors, while they will not fail to command the interest of the public in general.

With regard to Doctor Serre's volume, which we simply introduced to the notice of our readers in this place for the purpose of earnestly calling the attention of all philosophical oculists to its striking contents: the novelty of the subjects therein treated, the very curious experiments and results which it details, together with the peculiar physiological manner of its treatment, require that we should reserve our more extended consideration for a better opportunity.

### Some Important Discoveries relative to Consumption.

By J. GARDNER, M.D., Editor of Liebig's “Letters” and “Lectures.” London: Heale and Co. 1855.

In a recent number of the CRITIC, we gave an account of Dr. McCormack's view of Consumption, and expressed our regret that, having assumed a certain peculiar habit of body to be the generator of “tubercles”—sole cause of that most destructive malady—the author had nothing to communicate to the world as to what occasioned the said habit of body, or how it was to be prevented. The truth is, that Dr. McCormack's notions are purely supposititious and theoretical:



mere conjectures, in fact. No true or practical deductions from them were to be anticipated.

Dr. Gardner, by the help of organic chemistry—which, from his writings and from his being conversant with the works of Liebig, we conclude must be familiar to him—steps in, and, ascending one step higher in the genealogy of phthisis than Dr. McCormack had done, informs us, on positive chemical data, that the tuberculous habit of body of the latter author consists in a portion of albuminous matter (natural to almost every part of the body) passing into a state of incipient decay (consequent on certain affections commonly considered as predisposing causes of consumption, such as inflammation, fevers, skin diseases, repeated attacks of bronchitis, scrofula, boils and carbuncles, &c.), and which finally floating as such in the system through the vessels, conveys it into the lungs. At times, the same is formed primarily in the air-passages, and reaches the lungs directly. This decaying albuminous matter is a true *leaven* or ferment, which, acting on the soluble albumen spread throughout the structure of the lungs in health (a discovery divulged by Dr. Gardner several years ago), sets up a change in it, the result of which is tubercle.

"This consumptive leaven is the first link in the chain of circumstances inducing consumption. The formation of tubercle, by its action on the albumen in the lungs, is the second link."

The chemical analysis of tubercle reveals its nature and component parts, and supports the author's conclusions.

With equal clearness and logic, Dr. Gardner proceeds to consider the use of the means usually employed to explore (stethoscope and percussion) the lungs, distinguishing certain sources of fallacies in them; enumerates the principal causes which give rise to the animal ferment, or decayed albumen in the system; points out the only real mode by which its presence and degree of intensity can be ascertained, namely, through the chemical examination of certain secretions; and finally, after reviewing the various treatments of phthisis most in vogue in our days, inclusive of the cod-liver oil, concludes by confidently recommending the arseniate of soda, "the mildest and most manageable form of this active agent."

"We have not in the whole list of our *medicæ* a safer or more manageable remedy, and I have had sufficient experience to recommend it to the adoption of the profession."

Dr. Gardner tells us that he is preparing a larger work on the subject, of which this is, as it were, the *Prodromus*. We can easily understand that, in these days of railway progress in scientific investigation, the author of any new views of an important question affecting the life of man should feel anxious not to lose, through unnecessary delay, the merit of having initiated them. And for the like reason, and because we deem them worthy of the immediate attention of the profession, as well as valuable, we have lost no time in noticing Dr. Gardner's brochure.

## VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Inside Sebastopol, and Experiences in Camp: being the Narrative of a Journey to the Ruins of Sebastopol, accomplished in the Autumn and Winter of 1855.* London: Chapman and Hall.

*Greece and the Greeks of the Present Day.* By EDMUND ABOUT. Edinburgh: Constable and Co.

*The Rhine and its Picturesque Scenery.* Illustrated by BIRKET FOSTER. Described by HENRY MAYHEW. London: Bogue.

*Letters from the United States, Cuba, and Canada.* By the HON. AMELIA M. MURRAY.

BE it known to all the world that the writer of *Inside Sebastopol* is a T. G. And what is a T. G.? will the wondering reader exclaim. What new title of learning or order of merit does it proclaim? Is it an English, German, or French joint of the lettered tail which dullards delight to append to their names wherewith to awe the ignorant? Listen.

T. G. is the designation given by the soldiers in the Crimea to their tourist visitors, who come to stare, to criticise what they don't understand, and to blame those who know their own business better than the civilian who writes fault-finding letters to the newspapers and publishes books remarkable only for their presumption and their ignorance. The designation is admirably apt. T. G. means "Travelling Gent."

The author of the volume before us is a T. G.—of the smart species. He is a clever specimen

of the tribe. He should have been "own correspondent" to some daily paper; he can make out a case so readily against the fame of the armies of his country—he is so thoroughly *un-patriotic*. We trust that he will be selected for the next vacancy in the *Times*; he will not prove unworthy of his predecessors.

The volume, nevertheless, is a readable one—perhaps on that account. The very confidence of the writer is amusing. He was fortunate in his time of arrival. He witnessed the last hours of the ill-fated city safely from the sea, and his description of it at that distance is almost sublime. Nothing was visible but a graceful cloud of white smoke, glowing in the sunshine, rising up into the heaven quietly, and there calmly melting away, seemingly not greater than if it had come from a single large chimney. So far off no sound was audible. Nature was peaceful, beautiful, as if scorning the human passions that were raging in the midst of her glories.

He was almost the first civilian by whom the city was entered after its fall. He describes what he saw there very graphically, and with a freshness due, doubtless, to the entire novelty of the scene—familiar things to others being strange to him, and invested with a solemnity and sadness to which the spectators of the tedious struggle had become hardened by use. All the descriptive portions of his book are well done; but, when he comes to the camp and repeats the gossip there, and especially when he boldly asserts that our failure at the Redan was the result of sheer cowardice, we must cease to praise, for in this he is contradicted by all the best military authorities, who agree that we failed simply because success was impossible under the circumstances. Let us now prove by some extracts the justice of our remarks.

This is T. G.'s account of

### THE ATTACK ON THE REDAN.

"Then it was not the difficulty of getting into the Redan which caused the failure?"

"All that was over. Where Wyndham had got in, ten thousand others might have followed. The simple and disgraceful fact, which all Europe knows, is this. The supports would not move up, and the men in the Redan dodged about, and would not form the charge. When Wyndham cried, 'Now, men, form round me and charge!' none came round him but the commissioned and non-commissioned officers."

"John Bull will never believe this: he will rather lap himself in a fool's paradise, and abuse any one who ventures to tell him the truth."

"Of course the generals cannot tell him so. There is no form or precedent for a dispatch beginning, 'Sir, I have the honour to inform you that I attacked the Redan with all my raw recruits and least trustworthy soldiers, and found to my astonishment that they would not fight.' Such a dispatch could not be written."

"But tell me," I asked of one of our company, whom I knew to have been in a position to see the whole affair, "what is the history of this attack? Every one says the same thing in general terms, yet I cannot understand it. Our men got into the Redan, were driven out again, and sustained enormous loss; and yet you all say they would not fight. How can this be?"

The officer to whom I thus appealed, and who had hitherto taken no part in our desultory discussion, now said: "The story is a very short and a very sad one. The storming party consisted of five hundred men; the supports were to move into the trenches in bodies of about a thousand each, and to move out of the trenches in the same divisions, to support the storming party."

"At the moment of the assault there were not above thirty Russians in the Redan; the fire was very feeble, and the storming party ran along the open space, and were over the works with no great loss."

"Two divisions of the supports were now marched out of the trenches. There was nothing to oppose them: except a few dropping shots inside, all was as silent as the grave. When, however, they got halfway between the trenches and the Russian works, a panic seemed to seize them. They did not run away, but they stood still. We saw their officers trying to excite them by voice and gesture to advance. Some even took hold of their coats and tried to start them, as you would try to start a jibbing horse. It was all in vain; they would not move. The men who were inside called to them to come on, and told them there was no one there: but it was of no use; they stood still."

The moment of victory passed away. The Russian supports came up in vast numbers: instead of finding five thousand Englishmen on the top of the hill, protected by the Russian guns now turned upon their former owners, the Russians found only the five hundred men who had first got in, and these engaged in desultory sharp-shooting with the scanty garrison which lurked among the traverses.

"The fresh army of enemies did what we ought to have done; they charged with the bayonet, drove the remnant of our five hundred men towards the parapet, and recovered the guns."

"And now these guns were turned with murderous effect upon the poor panic-stricken devils who were standing irresolute between the trenches and the fort. They were mowed down by scores. They turned round and ran back into the trenches, which were already full of the men who were to have supported them. After this the confusion was hopeless."

Nor is the following very flattering to our vanity:

If England wants to be well served, she must have some bowels of compassion. Fighting is not such a pleasant, exciting, well-paid profession as elderly bankers and young apprentices fancy. The monotonous tedium of a camp is, after the first three days' novelty has worn off, something to drive a man crazy if he have no duties; and if he have duties, they can only mitigate the ennui, they cannot kill the monster. Nothing could exceed the frankness with which every one who chose to communicate his secret thoughts to me upon the subject declared that it was nothing but the fear of a dishonourable construction, or the inability to give up his commission, which kept him in the Crimea. Oh, how they all sigh for home! home, if it were but for a fortnight! If the whole population of the Russian empire, serried and in arms, could be drawn up between Balaklava and the plateau, and a steamer with her steam up, bound for London, were fizzing at the Ordnance Wharf, I'd back the officers of the British army to cut their way through all that mass, even if they were convinced that only ten could survive to leap upon her deck. The men, as a body, do not feel this so much as the officers; they have not so much to tempt them at home; but still they do feel it. Campaigning in the Crimea is not like India or country quarters.

M. About has given to the world his experiences of a residence of some length in Greece, and these have been translated for "Constable's Miscellany of Foreign Literature." It has obtained a very great reputation on the Continent, but rather, we suspect, for the brilliancy of its style than for the substantial worth of the information it conveys. In truth, there is little novelty in it, at least for English ears. The country has been made intimately known to us by a multitude of tourists and artists, so that its external aspect is as familiar, even to those who have never visited it, as the Rhine or Switzerland. It is for his intimate acquaintance with the people that M. About's sketches are valuable. These he describes not in the usual fashion of a narrative of personal adventure, but in the more formal shape of chapters, each devoted to a distinct class of subjects—as Society, the King, the Government, Religion, Agriculture, &c. The only fault we have to find with it is the occasional indulgence in a style which we have often denounced as inadmissible into sober narrative—alleged facts told dramatically with dialogue and dressing—which always throws about them an atmosphere of doubt, for we are sure that much of it is fiction, and, not knowing precisely how much, we rightly question the whole story. This excepted, it is a pleasant book, which the reader, who begins, will not lay aside until he has ended.

This is a picture of

### THE GREEKS AS THEY ARE TO-DAY.

The beauty of the Greek race is so celebrated, and travellers so fully expect to find in Greece the family of the Venus of Milos, that they think they have been taken in when they arrive at Athens. The Athenian women are neither beautiful nor well made; they have neither the lively physiognomy of Frenchwomen, nor the full rich beauty of the Roman dames, nor the pale, white delicacy of the Turkish women—one sees nothing in the town but ugly creatures with broad noses, flat feet, and ill-formed waists. It is because Athens, twenty-five years ago, was only an Albanian village. The Albanians formed, and still form, almost the whole of the population of Attica; and within three leagues of the capital, villages are to be found where Greek is hardly understood. Aliens have been rapidly peopled with men of all kinds and nations; that explains the ugliness of the Athenian type. Beautiful Greek women, and these are rare, are only to be met with in certain privileged islands, or in some nooks of the mountains where intruders have not penetrated. The men, on the contrary, are handsome and well-made throughout all the kingdom. Their great height, slender body, thin face, long bent nose, and large moustache, give them a martial air. They sometimes preserve till seventy years old a slender waist and a free and easy gait; with them obesity is an unknown evil, and the gouty are the only persons that grow corpulent. The Greek race is dry, nervous, and spare, as the country that nourishes it; it would be sufficient to drain some of the marshes in order to suppress all the epidemic fevers, and make of the Greeks the most healthy, as they are the most sober people of Europe. The food of an English

labourer would be enough in Greece for a family of six persons. The rich are well satisfied with a dish of vegetables for their meal; the poor, with a handful of olives or a piece of salt fish. The entire population eats meat at Easter for the whole year—I do not believe a Greek ever died of indigestion. Drunkenness, so common in cold countries, is a rare vice with the Greeks; they are great drinkers, but water-drinkers. They would have scruples about passing by a fountain without drinking at it, but if they enter a tavern, it is to chatter. The coffee-houses of Athens are full of people, and at all hours: but the customers do not take strong liquors—they ask for a cup of coffee at a penny, a glass of water, light for their cigarettes, a newspaper, and a game of dominoes—they have there enough to keep themselves occupied for the day. In two years I have not met with a man dead drunk in the streets, and I believe it would be easy to count all the drunkards in the kingdom. Even if sobriety were not natural to this people, it would be imposed upon them by the climate. Under this burning sky, a few drops of spirits suffice to upset a man. The English garrison at Corfu gets drunk every day with its rations of liquor; our sailors on the station at Piræus become more than half-seas over when intending only to refresh themselves; and if ever the Russians make themselves masters of Greece, they must, under pain of death, condemn themselves to be sober. It may be said that the Greek people have no inclination for any kind of excesses, and that they take all their pleasures with equal sobriety. They are passionless, and I believe that in all times they have been the same; for the monstrous habits of which history accuses them, and which they have got rid of, arose rather from the depravation of the mind than from the violence of the senses. These memorable horrors were nothing but sophisms carried into action. Now, the Greeks are capable of love and hate, but neither their hatred nor their love is blind; they do good and evil with reflection, and reason always insinuates herself into their most violent actions. They do not go and kill an enemy till after they have made sure of impunity; they do not seduce a young girl till after having ascertained her dowry. Madness also is a malady excessively rare in the kingdom; an hospital for the blind has just been constructed in Athens; it will never be necessary to build one for madmen.

## GREEK HORSES.

I have been more than once, on Sunday, when listening to the band, small horses, which seemed taken down from the frieze of the Parthenon; these animals, with a short neck, body drawn close together, and an enormous head, are cousins of Bucephalus; they come directly from Macedonia or Thessaly. Their first masters have trained them, as if to satisfy their conscience; when they have seen that they were resigned, or nearly so, to carry a saddle and a man, they have said that these horses could now make their way in the world alone, and they have sent them to Greece. Turkey has the providing of the Hellenic people with horses; the cavalry officers go for remounts to Smyrna or Beyrout; the horse-dealers and Agoyats simply go to Salonika; the number of horses reared in the kingdom does not deserve to be counted. The Turks, as is well known, like to show off their horses; the Greeks exaggerate this taste; they only esteem horses of lightning speed, which gallop without touching the earth, and whose paces resemble a firework. All the Greeks belong to the grand school of the "fantasia." Sometimes at the ride you see a rider leap out of the road, throw himself at full gallop into the open country, disappear in a cloud of dust, and ten minutes after bring back a smoking animal covered with foam. All the time that this exploit lasts, all the riders on the highway are dragging desperately at their horses' mouths to prevent them from running away. The finest quality of these agreeable animals is emulation—the mother of great achievements; their chief fault is having no mouth, and feeling the bit no more than a wooden horse. The modest horses of the Agoyats are capable of running away, just like the horses of the high society. It is not on the fortieth day of a journey that ideas of galloping enter their head; but, at starting, the fresh air, the sight of the fields, the influence of the spring, everything excites them, and it is not always prudent to lay the bridle on their neck. If you should chance to be three or four travellers together, and your horses think of racing, you are involved in a rather perilous steeple-chase.

The Greeks are almost as fond of money, and as thirsting for riches, as the English. Marriages are quite as often money-matches there as here. Foreigners, too, are equal favourites with the women, but for a different reason.

## HUSBAND-HUNTING IN GREECE.

On their side, the chief ambition of the girls of Greece is to marry a foreigner. It is not that foreigners are more attractive than the natives. I think I have already said that the male population is very handsome. It is not that French or English converse more agreeably than the Greeks. Do not hope to be loved or sought for on account of your wit; whatever might be your portion of it, would have no hold on them. The real reason, the sad reason is, that in their eyes all foreigners are rich. Vainly would you labour to persuade them that you possess nothing;

if an officer swears that he has nothing on earth but his pay, they will reply with the most charming smile, "Handsome stranger, how agreeably witty you are!" It is M. de Chateaubriand who has given us this reputation for wealth. Every girl who marries a Frenchman is convinced that she marries M. de Chateaubriand. English, French—travellers of all nations, without excepting the Germans, the least prodigal of all travellers, each is rich, each is opulent—all are confounded under the pompous denomination of *milord*.

## Here are two clever portraits of

## GREEK PEASANTS.

There was in the foreground a young woman, tall and well made, and with a majestic appearance almost royal. Her blue eyes looked upon us with tranquil curiosity, like the vagueness of those large eyes of the statues, which for twenty centuries contemplate the tumultuous life of men. Her face, of a fine oval, had the graceful paleness of marble; it was the Velléda of Maïndron with still purer lines and greater calmness. Two long tresses, falling unartificially down her cheeks, lengthened her face still more, and made it somewhat dreamy. Her waist, unconstrained by stays, showed supple grace and fresh vigour. Her hands and naked feet had such delicate joints that any duchess might have envied them; her whole being was such a flower of beauty that she would have embellished the richest dress, without receiving from it any additional beauty. Her dress, wonderfully suited to her, showed a tasteful consciousness of what most adorned her. As many costumes as there are women may be met with in these country districts—nothing varies more capriciously than the dress of these peasant women; they choose at will the pattern which most becomes the beauty of each—one is an artist whose costume is a masterpiece. The young woman had thrown down over her head a large red and yellow handkerchief, the point of which fell down between her shoulders. The long cotton shift, which hung down to her feet, was ornamented with a small red and black pattern, embroidered round the neck and sleeves like the design on a Tuscan vase. A short garment, with narrow stripes, covered her breast without confining it, and fastened below the bosom; a black sash, thickly folded, was loosely wound round her waist; an apron and thick coat of white woollen, sparingly embroidered with gaudy colours, completed her dress and adornment. Her hair, hands, and neck, were loaded with coins, rings, necklaces, and pieces of glass of all kinds; and she wore below the bosom two large embossed plates of silver, like small shields,—humble luxury, ornaments of bad silver, transmitted from mother to daughter, and which have a value only from the recollections attached to them, and the strange grace which they add to beauty. This woman, thus clothed, astonished the eyes by her singular splendour. Her husband might be about five years older than herself, that is, about twenty-three or twenty-four. He was very tall, without seeming lanky, and slender, without being thin. His features, purely chiselled, had something childlike, notwithstanding the presence of a growing moustache; and his long black hair, falling over his shoulders, especially gave him the shy physiognomy of a peasant of Brittany. He wore a jacket and fustanella; sandals, or rather mocassins without heels; woollen gaiters, which stand pretty well instead of stockings; a cotton scarf, embroidered by his wife, was wound like a turban round his head; his belt, tightly wound round, was armed with a dagger with a horn hilt—an inoffensive weapon, and whose innocence I would warrant.

But we must pause reluctantly. The volume is full of matter of equal interest.

We have already reviewed the *Rhine and its Scenery* as a work of art; we have now briefly to notice its literary merits. The *Rhine* is an exhausted theme, and it is difficult for even so clever a writer as Mr. Henry Mayhew to invest it with novelty. Nevertheless he has contrived to grub up some stray bits of information that have escaped other travellers, and to present some old scenes in a new aspect. It is, however, for its exquisite engravings that this volume will be most welcome and most valued. We select two or three passages to exhibit Mr. Mayhew's treatment of his subject:—

## ASPECT OF HOLLAND.

But the river-roads and streets are not the most peculiar, though perhaps the most striking, feature of Holland. If we could ascend high enough in a balloon to narrow the whole of the Netherlands into a mere span, the country would seem like a spider's web with its many threads of water; though at the same time, we should see it almost like a tiny fortress hemmed in by a ring of rampart walls against its great ocean enemy without. These sea-bulwarks are what are termed the dykes; and along their tops run the roads of the country and the streets of the towns. The High-street of Rotterdam, for instance, stands upon one of these, and the highway to the village of Scheidam is merely a continuation of the same embankment. The dykes, at first sight, strike the beholder as no extraordinary work; and it is not until we find that a considerable part of the country of

Holland lies some twenty-four feet beneath the level of the sea at high-tide, and that it has merely a fence of mud banks to fortify the land against the terrors of invasion from the host of waters about it, that the mind becomes awakened to the vastness and importance of the structures. Nor is it in summer-time, when the surrounding rivers are half dried up, and the ocean without is placid and beautiful as some vast lake, that we are able to arrive at a sense of the protection afforded by the belt of sea-walls to the people within them; but only during the tempests of winter, when the terrible waves are towering to the sky, like liquid mountains, and the tide has risen many feet above its usual height, owing to the immense body of water from the Atlantic having been driven by the gales across the German Ocean towards the narrow Straits of Dover, and there being dammed up as it were, so that the vast flood is forced back upon the Dutch coast, and leans, with all its stupendous weight, against the ridge of dykes around the Nether-country. It is at such times, indeed, that we learn how much property and how many lives depend upon the strength of these same ocean-bulwarks. It is fearfully interesting then to walk at the foot of one of the great dykes, and to hear the heavy waves beating like so many battering-rams against the outer side of the mud wall, and to know by the noise that the ocean is already some twenty feet above the head.

The dykes are sometimes forty feet high, and their foundation, which is generally of clay, is from 120 to 150 feet in width. The dyke itself is composed of clay—if not entirely, at least on the outside; and the interior is filled with a mixture of earth, clay, and sand. The face of the dyke is thatched, as it were, with willow twigs, interlaced into a kind of wickerwork, the interstices of which are filled with puddled clay. This wickerwork lasts but a few years; so that, as it requires to be repeatedly renewed, a number of willows have to be grown in Holland for the purpose. The base of the dyke is generally protected by masonry, and strengthened by large heaps of stones and rows of piles; while the summit is mostly planted with trees, because their roots are found to bind the soil firmly together.

## ROTTERDAM HOUSEMAIDS.

The maids themselves were as clean as the houses they tended; their close caps were white as the walls, while the ample apron, which they wore tied tight around their dress, was as spotless as a charity girl's. How different from the slatterns who are generally seen at the same early hour, with their bits of dirty black net over their fuzzy hair, hearth-stoning the door-steps of London! We import a number of foreign commodities nowadays to add to the comforts of the well-to-do among us; but assuredly, of all the articles of continental produce, none could be more advantageously shipped into our own country than a cargo of these same cleanly Dutch housemaids. "That girl yonder scouring away at the brass knocker," said we to our companion, as we walked along to the hotel, "is a prodigy of cleanliness, from the close white border of her cap down to her equally white wooden shoes. Just stop, for a minute, to look at the little box by her side in which she keeps her rotten stone. See! the wood of it is scrubbed as clean with sea-sand as her own *sabots*, and the little bits of brass at the corners are as bright as new sovereigns." We had scarcely finished admiring the neatness of this maid before we were forced by the fountain of water projected against the windows of one of the houses in our path to direct our attention to another girl, who stood out in the road pumping the jet against the house. "There never were such people!" we exclaimed; "why that maid looks as though she had been just sent home from the wash; her hair is as smooth and glossy as a coach panel; her cheeks are red and shiny as apples; and, though her skirt is of black stuff, you can discover, as she stoops, that her under linen is as white as driven snow! Look, too, the long brass syringe that she is working is polished like a piece of golden dinner-plate, and even the copper hoops of the pail in which it stands are rubbed up as bright as if they had been burnished."

## WELCOME! LITTLE STRANGER.

In rambling through a Dutch town, you will occasionally see a small piece of paper pasted against the street door, and this, on closer inspection, you will find to be a medical bulletin, informing you of that day's state of health of some "little stranger" and its mother within. Should you happen to pass the same way again on the following morning, you will observe another such bulletin on the door post, and telling the world, probably, that "the mother and child are doing well." This mode of announcement is adopted, it is said, to prevent the necessity of ringing, and so disturbing the house at every fresh inquiry after the condition of the lady and her little one. In the town of Haarlem, however, the crown of a small lace cap, with a piece of coloured silk underneath, is framed and hung at one of the door-posts, to indicate an increase in the family within. The sex of the infant is marked by the colour of the silk beneath,—if a boy, it is pink; if a girl, white. The house, moreover, which had been thus "blessed" is entitled to several privileges. Nothing calculated to disturb the rest of the mother is permitted to approach the premises for several days; and troops passing by on the march are bound to silence their



drums on entering the street. No soldiers can be billeted upon the dwelling at such times, nor can bailiffs legally enter it. This curious custom, and these peculiar immunities, owe their origin to an occurrence during the siege of Haarlem by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century. The town, so runs the story, being about to be surrendered by the Dutch, a deputation of aged matrons went to the Spanish General to beg that the women who were then in childbed should be protected from disturbance. The Spaniard ordered that some simple sign should be affixed to the door of each house in which there was a female so conditioned, and pledged his word that such houses should be exempt from violence. The lace crown of a baby's cap was chosen, and to this day the little token continues a shield against molestation to the inmates.

The Hon. Amelia Murray was one of the Queen's Maids of Honour. Visiting America she resolved to look with her own eyes into the question of slavery. She went strongly prejudiced against it. Strange to say, she has returned as strongly prejudiced in its favour. She thinks it now an institution not merely to be endured, but to be approved.

The honesty of the confession, at least, entitles her to a hearing. She had nothing to gain by it; indeed, it is said to have been the cause of her losing her place at Court—though that, perhaps, will be deemed no very serious sacrifice. A harder trial is the hostility it will be sure to provoke everywhere in England. Although very tolerant ourselves of differences of opinion, giving freely to everybody the right we claim ourselves of differing to any extent, we are bound to express our surprise at the unsound judgment shown by Miss Murray. It is one thing to say, as many thinking persons do, that slavery in America is an evil which it is desirable to extirpate as speedily as possible, but that the cure must be gradual, lest it should create more mischief than it will remove; and quite another thing to say, as does Miss Murray, that slavery is a blessing, not a curse—a natural and wholesome condition of society—an arrangement, not of human selfishness, tyranny, and lust of gain, but of Divine forethought, and prescribed by the laws of nature. Miss Murray rightly condemns the indiscriminate zeal of the abolitionists, who care not for consequences, and especially of those of the Northern States, who will not admit a man with a shade of colour, however slight, into the same room, or even into the same railway carriage. Such a monstrous inconsistency is a fit subject for reprehensive ridicule. But this objection, which ought to close for ever the mouths of every abolitionist in the North, does not hold here, where no such prejudice prevails, and where the tendency of the better portion of the public is to treat the question soberly and rationally, with a view to the safe solution of the problem, and a desire to take into account all its difficulties, and to allow ample time for the application and development of the remedy.

With this protest against Miss Murray's doctrines, we present some of her facts, which are curious and interesting, and at least entitled to consideration. Thinking persons will pause over them before giving indiscriminate approval to schemes which would probably destroy the one race without adding at all to the happiness of the other. Here is

#### A SLAVE'S OPINION OF SLAVERY.

She tells me the coloured people are well content and happy; that she was "raised in Virginny," and came here from Richmond; that masters and mistresses about are very tender of their people; that she has got her husband and three children, babies almost, the youngest an infant, then in the house; she does odd jobs after dinner, but she says that on the plantations it is not often the people work after dinner (she is munching something all this while); they have usually task-work, which can be quickly done if they choose; that the black population don't like bacon—"they likes to have fresh meat three times a-day, and what they likes beside." She seemed utterly astonished when I told her that the English working-people could seldom get meat at all, and that they had not as much firing as they chose, &c. &c. "Lord bless you, missus, that would never do at all here; why, some of the coloured ones have got a most as much jewellery as their mistresses; they gets their own way tolerable somehow; and they very often desires to be sold when they be affronted." "Emily" thought that in England slaves would have it all their own way entirely; and this is the idea the darkies have of freedom: plenty to eat and drink, finery to their heart's content—no work. Here they despise the free negroes. One woman was offered her freedom in my hearing: she took the offer as an insult, and said: "I know what the free niggers are, missus; they are the meanest niggers as ever was; I hopes never to be

a free nigger, missus." A slave quarrelling with another black, after calling him names, at last sums up as the acme of contempt, "You be a d—d nigger without a master!" This is the consequence of the fact that free negroes, being idle and profligate, are generally poor and miserable. A common reproach among them is to say, "You be's as bad as a free nigger."

"Go-ahead" does not appear, according to the account of Miss Murray, to promote the happiness of the people. To grow rich is the one object of existence, and even life itself is sacrificed at the shrine of gain. A frightful picture is this of—

#### THE PEOPLE OF AMERICA.

If countenances are "a history as well as a prophecy," the national expression of faces in the North, as contrasted with those in the South, tell a strange, and to me an unexpected story, as regards the greatest happiness principle of the greatest number! Of course, it must be borne in mind that no rules are without exception; but, oh, the haggard, anxious, melancholy, restless, sickly, hopeless faces I have seen in the Northern States—in the rail-cars, on the steamboats, in the saloons, and particularly in the ladies' parlour. There is beauty of feature and complexion with hardly any individuality of character. Nothing like simplicity, even among children, after ten years of age—hot-house, forced, impetuous beings, the *almighty dollars* the incentive and only guide to activity and appreciation. Women care that their husbands should gain gold, that they may spend it in dress and ostentation; and the men like that their wives should appear as queens, whether they rule well, or ill, or at all; yet it is certain that I have made the acquaintance, and that I value the friendship, of superior women in the North, and if I should be thought to have expressed myself with too much severity, I appeal to their candour and judgment; and being American cousins, they have the Anglo-Saxon love of Truth, and will not spurn her even in an unveiled form, or receive her ungraciously even when thus presented. I have reason to speak gratefully, and warmly do I feel, and anxiously do I venture these observations, which may seem even harsh and ungrateful. I do not yet know much of the Southern ladies; but from Washington to this place I have been struck by a general improvement of countenance and manner in the white race, and this in spite of the horrors which accompany the misuse of tobacco. If the gentlemen of this part of the country would only acquire habits of self-control and decency in this matter, they would indeed become the *Preux Chevaliers* of the United States, as their hills and valleys may prove the storehouses and gardens of the Union. May their sons and daughters look to these things, and increase in wealth, prosperity, virtue, and happiness!

We add her account of the condition of

#### WOMEN IN AMERICA.

In this country, I hear that, "though it has no queen, all the women are queens." I should rather call them playthings—dolls; things treated as if they were unfit or unwilling to help themselves or others; and while we in England have nearly cast aside arts of the toilet worthy only of dolls, I see here false brows, false bloom, false hair, false everything!—not always, but too frequently. Dress in America, as an almost general rule, is full of extravagance and artificiality; and while women show such a want of reliance upon their native powers of leasing, their influence in society will be more nominal than real.

### FICTION.

#### THE NEW NOVELS.

*The Lady of Fashion.* By the Author of "The History of a Flirt." 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

*The Bush Boys; or, the History and Adventures of a Cape Farmer and his Family in the Wild Karoos of Southern Africa.* By Captain MAYNE REID, Author of "The Boy Hunters," &c. London: Bogue.

*The Lady of Fashion* has a moral—"Don't sacrifice domestic pleasures for the sake of wealth; don't desire a fashionable life—it is all vanity." The text is an old one; numberless sermons have been preached upon it; many are the fictions that have sought to illustrate it by example. But it has been rarely effected with so much skill as in the novel upon our table.

A double plot teaches the double lesson. One follows the fortunes of Kate Hayes, who marries an old beau because he is rich, is taken by him to his grand country-house, to live in grandeur, but as a prisoner; for her husband proves to be an epicure and a dyspeptic, indolent and wretched, fond of his young wife—so that he will not suffer her out of his sight; and so she pines in splendid misery.

The other and the principal plot, which gives

its name to the novel, is the story of Hugh Barnardston, a country gentleman, fond of home and home pleasures and pursuits. At Brighton his affections are ensnared by an artful, clever, intriguing, gay, and handsome widow, Lady Crookstone, who had large desires and small means, and was anxious to recruit her fortunes out of Hugh's well-filled purse. He marries her, and takes her with him into the country; but she has no sympathies with any of his rural tastes and pursuits—his mode of life is alien to her. She speedily assumes the mastery, banishes the old furniture, inmates, and habits; introduces the most fashionable manners and modes of the time regardless of cost, astounds the quiet neighbourhood by her dashing movements, makes her husband sad and savage by turns; but ultimately, to his relief, and to bring the story conveniently to a close, dies from the anxiety occasioned by the getting up of some private theatricals.

The composition is of "the brilliant" class. The second volume is a little slow at times; but, with this exception, it is a lively, rattling, cheerful fiction, which is sure to be popular, because it will please those who do not care for the moral; while those who look for lessons in a fiction will applaud when they find it so cleverly worked out. The character of the *Lady of Fashion* is drawn with a profound knowledge of the female heart—only a woman could have painted it so truly.

Our boys shout when we tell them that a new tale by Captain Reid has just arrived. We are besieged with entreaties to make haste and review it, and there is no peace until it is transferred to their hands. The volume named above was sent to us at Christmas. The table was piled with Christmas-books. The boys could not wait till its turn came, but pounced upon it at once and insisted on reading it through before it was reviewed. We have therefore preferred to take their opinion of it rather than our own; for it was written for boys, and boys are the best judges of what does please them—we elders can only say what *ought* or *ought not* to please them. Their answer was—It's almost as good as "Robinson Crusoe;" they did not know that South Africa was such a glorious place; and it was their determination to go there as soon as they were old enough, and seek for the same adventures. They had a particular desire to kill a lion, hunt an elephant, and shoot some wild peacocks. We could not say more in its behalf in a whole column of actual commendation.

*Mount Sorel*, one of Mrs. Marsh's most interesting novels, has been added to the "Parlour Library."

*Oeland; or, The Thread of Life*, by Alice Somerton, is stated by the authoress, in her preface, to be "by no means a fiction." But, inasmuch as it is very romantic, and doubtless the truth has been much decorated by fancy in the telling of the tale, we cannot but class it among the fictions. It is extremely interesting.

*Lady Mary and her Nurse; or, The Canadian Forest*, by Mrs. Traill (London: A. Hall and Co.), is a tale of adventure in Canada, designed to convey to young persons a knowledge of the country and of its natural history and vegetable and mineral productions. This method of teaching geography is the best that has been tried, and the increase of such books proves that they are found to be as successful in practice as might have been anticipated. This is not the least attractive or the least informing of them.

*Romantic Tales and Traditions of the Netherlands* (London: Lambert and Co.) is a collection of tales (some legendary, some historical) of the old towns of Belgium, Antwerp, Ghent, Tournay, Namur, Bruges, Liege, &c. Not only are they interesting stories, but they illustrate the manners and customs of the people, revivifying the past and recalling the dead. It should be the travelling companion of every tourist in the Netherlands; and all who have been there, and who has not? will be delighted thus to find their memories of it recalled.

*Sea Stories, Tales of Discovery, Adventure and Escape* (London: Lambert and Co.) is a selection of narratives of shipwrecks and disasters at sea. They have been re-written and abridged, so that no less than fourteen are condensed into this volume. No stories are more attractive than these, and they exceed in thrilling interest any romance that was ever invented.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" has produced a multitude of imitators, but none that has approached the original in power. The authors have relied upon the anti-slavery feeling on both sides of the Atlantic to obtain a temporary popularity for highly-wrought pictures of the cruelty of masters and the sufferings of slaves. A tale entitled *The Planter's Victim* is one of this class; but it is feebly written, and not calculated to serve the cause it advocates. It wants reality. The characters are not true; they are mere imaginations.

Miss Marguerite Power has published in Routledge's cheap series a novel entitled *Evelyn Forester, a Woman's Story*. The plot is ingenious, the characters are well conceived and portrayed, the dialogues are smart, and the descriptions graphic. We believe it is Miss Power's first; we hope it will not be her last. Its price places it within reach of everybody, and therefore we will not mar the reader's pleasure in anticipating the plot.

*The Muhl Girl; or, Life Scenes as they are* (Philadelphia: Smith) is another American novel, said to have made a sensation there. But the advertisement reads like a bookseller's puff; and although there is considerable cleverness in the book, there is nothing to entitle it to more than local fame.

## POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

*The Lump of Gold, and other Poems.* By CHARLES MACKAY. London: Routledge.

IN the sacred precincts of Charles Mackay's studio the Muse has slumbered long, too long for our eager wishes, too long for beauty's sake, too long for the necessities of literature. Awakened at last, it springs into living action with its accustomed pliancy; it speaks the same fervid melodies; it points the same instructive philosophy, which instructs all the more surely because it appeals simply and directly to the heart. While Charles Mackay lives there is a solitary chance—nay, a certainty, that poetry cannot be wholly degraded into metrical legerdemain, or, worse than that, into the most abject jargon. With one or two glorious exceptions, the poets of the past year have done their worst to turn the clear and shining fount of Castalia into surging mud, in which Beauty can no more see her divine image than she could see it mirrored in the filthy bosom of the Thames. The stream is clearer now by the presence of this one book, and every reader will be thankful for the same in the exact degree as he feels that poetry is the most natural of all human utterance. Nature and poetry are twins, and we thought that both Scott and Byron had proved this fact clearly enough. If not, here is Charles Mackay, to prove it still further.

This metrical story, *The Lump of Gold*, is exceedingly simple in its construction, so direct and simple indeed that we lose no fraction of the pleasure derivable from beautiful imagery and a buoyant fancy in a painful endeavour to trace the narrative. Its homely pathos is full to overflowing, and the household virtues shine through it like the light of angels' eyes. The main difference between an inferior and a superior poet is, that one reduces a plain narration to the poverty of prattle, the other elevates it to a divine song. A plain narration becomes a poem, not so much because it is recited in metre, as because it is replete with illustrative riches, and has progressive action. In this sense *The Lump of Gold*—we do not like the title—will take rank as a poem, and as certainly will be popular.

Our readers will be introduced to the principal portion of the characters by a single verse. Observe, in what follows, how vividly the poet has produced a picture for the spiritual eye:

'Twas Sunday morn, and Parson Vale,  
Beloved of high and low,  
With smiles for all men's happiness,  
And heart for every woe,  
Walked meekly to the parish church,  
With hair as white as snow—  
Walked meekly to the parish church,  
Amid his daughters three—  
There were more angels at his side  
Than mortal eyes could see—  
The four were seven—for with them went  
Faith, Hope, and Charity.

One of the daughters, Lilian Vale, is married to Edward Aubrey. The husband quits the presence of his household treasure, exchanges wifely love, which is richer than gold, for that which Athenian Timon calls "the yellow slave which knits and breaks religions." Not that Aubrey disliked his wife, not from a purely sordid motive, but old ancestral pride, and the strong desire to raise a fallen house—

To purchase back from usurers  
The birthright of his race,

urged him to Ballarat. The action of the poem commences *after* the wanderer has returned, frantic with the torments of remembrance—with the recollection of crime perpetrated in a distant land, with the burning and blighting thought that he voluntarily flung aside the brightest jewel in the crown of life—a virtuous and doting wife. How painfully distinct the poet brings the wandering wretch before our eyes.

Under the doorways,  
Screened from the weather,  
Desolate women stood  
Crouching together;  
They, as he passed them,  
Wond'ring and gazed;—  
Said one to the other,  
"He raves, he is crazed!—  
Something has troubled him,—  
Hark how he moans!  
But why should we pity him  
Here on the stones?  
And yet who can help it?  
Do you—if you can;—  
I'd trample on sorrow  
If I were a man.  
Men have no misery  
Equal to ours!"  
He saw not—he heard not—  
Poor way-trodden flowers,  
Your pity escaped him!  
His world was within;—  
A world—or a chaos—  
Of anguish and sin.  
The rain and the tempest  
Were cool to his cheek,  
Balm to his throbbing brow,—  
Hark! did he speak?  
"Madness broods over me!  
Kind-hearted Death—  
Canst thou not shelter me?  
Vain is my breath!  
Take it and welcome—  
And low let me lie;  
Low in the quiet grave;  
Deep in the doleful wave;  
Weary of living,  
Unworthy to die."

Down came the drenching rain,  
Bubbling and swelling—  
Fierce blew the gusty wind,  
Roaring and yelling.  
The senate was silent,  
Its orators fled,  
The ball-room was empty,  
Its roses were dead.  
Listless or half awake  
Through the dull town,  
Fashion rode homewards,  
In ruin and down;—  
Fashion and Beauty  
All jaded and wan;  
Fast through the tempest  
The steeds galloped on.  
Fire from their clanging hoofs  
Heavily shod  
'Mid the black rain pools  
Flashed where they trod.  
Indolent Fashion,  
Weary and warm,  
Saw from its chariot  
That desolate form,  
Beating its rapid way  
Deaf to the storm:  
"Mad!" said the Countess,  
"Of drink!" said the Earl;—  
"Or love!" said his daughter fair—  
Twisting her flaxen hair  
Back into curl.

Another passage shows nature finely contrasted with the guilty man:

Ship-like, full-breasted,  
Travelled the moon,  
Swift as a gondola  
In a lagoon,  
Through the cloud-highlands  
In silvery glow,  
Through the white islands  
Of turreted snow.  
Beautiful! Beautiful!  
How could he dare  
Ruffle with Passion  
The placid night air?  
Or gaze on the moonlight  
With his despair?  
Lovely, most lovely!  
How could he stand  
There, in the sight of Heaven,  
Clenching his hand;  
Fuming and fretting  
At Fate's iron bars,  
An atom! a grain of dust!  
Chiding the stars?  
Beautiful! Beautiful!  
Peace on its beams  
Slid like a seraph  
Into his dreams.  
The mists of his spirit  
Were rent and withdrawn,  
Beautiful! Beautiful!  
Welcome the dawn!

With the fatality which poets always hold in their right hand ready to let slip for the special use of any character, Edward Aubrey enters the very church where Parson Vale is about to preach, and where his wife and her sisters usually attended. By a similar fatality the old Pastor preached on the evils of vanity, on the delusion of seeking riches, virtue being the only real wealth. The only answer is:

A sigh, deep-drawn, betrayed some heart  
That felt compunction's wrong;  
The preacher heard; oh, lonely heart!  
Take courage and be strong!

Another sigh, and then the benign Pastor invites his hearers to listen to an olden tale. The instant attention, the mute anxiety of the auditors, is finely described:

The murmurous river of breath was hushed,—  
Like the ripple of a brook,  
When the sudden frost comes flashing down  
And fixes it with a look;—  
So vast the silence as he spoke,  
You might have heard the grass  
Rustle and wave to the fitful winds,  
And the bee, in haste to pass,  
Sounding a trumpet like a martial call  
On a clarion of brass.  
You might have heard the sparrow cheep  
Mid the yew-berries juicy red,  
And the long rank nettles singing a dirge  
Over the nameless dead,  
Where they lay as calmly as the 'squire  
With the 'scutcheons o'er his head.  
Calmly, calmly, pauper and 'squire,  
Each in his narrow bed!

Aubrey wanders to a cottage about three miles from the church, seized with sickness, self-tortured, incoherent in speech, but still sufficiently coherent to call on Parson Vale to come "for God's and pity's sake." The Rector visits the sufferer; and then the rapidly-moving action of the tale brings about, without intricacies, the happy reunion of husband and wife. Then, as a thing of course, follow the recital of the gold-digger's experience, his crime, his remorse. After many unsuccessful attempts, he accidentally came upon a lump of gold—hence the title of the work—glittering out an inch above the ground, but too weighty to be removed by his unaided strength. The excitement of such a situation must have been fearfully intense.

I sat and gazed with savage eyes  
Till joy gave place to dread;  
I felt the fate of Tantalus;—  
I smote my aching head.  
A coward terror blanched my face,  
The rustle of a leaf  
Filled me with fear, lest it should tell  
The footsteps of a thief.  
I trembled at the waving grass  
And the whisper of the wind;  
While the cry of the parrot, hoarse and rough,  
In the thicket boughs behind,  
Made my cheeks burn, it seemed so like  
The voice of human kind.  
In haste and dread I covered it up—  
I covered it up with sand;  
With sand, and clay, and clods of earth;—  
I wrought with foot and hand,  
I flattened the earth, and made it firm,  
Then strewed it o'er with leaves,  
As if the wild autumnal winds,  
Through melancholy eaves,  
Had blown their dead to moulder there;  
And then I went my way;—  
And with me went a burning heart,  
That hoped, but could not pray.

The fever waxed fiercer and stronger; for the glittering lump has become again exposed:

The drops that thickened on my brow  
Fell earthward like the rain,  
As with eager haste and angry dread  
I covered it up again,  
With stones and clods, and a burning strength  
Intangible by pain.  
There burst on the air a scornful laugh,  
And a hand was laid on mine;  
I started back as from a snake,  
And saw 'twas Heseltine.  
"So greedy, Aubrey! Nay, be just,  
The treasure's mine and thine;  
I've watched thee in thy moody walks,  
And seen thy ramble ends;  
Too much for one, enough for two,  
We'll share it and be friends."  
"Friend of a robber who dogs my path!"  
I answered him in scorn;  
I uttered words that stung his pride,  
Too bitter to be borne.  
Taunt followed taunt—he drove me mad—  
He struck me on the face;  
And quick as thought—but thoughtless all,  
Except of the disgrace—  
I raised the mallet in my hand  
And fell'd him on the place.

Heseltine was his tried friend; how much deeper and darker, then, did the murder appear. But "all's well that ends well," which is satisfactorily proved to Edward Aubrey and to the readers of the poem by the reappearance in England of Heseltine, neither gory nor belonging to another world, like the ghost of Banquo, but quite capable of making arrangements for a bed and a "week's shooting" at Aubrey-place. Many portions of Charles Mackay's poetry have become like household idols to the people; hence the announcement of a new work by an old favourite will be hailed with hearty satisfaction. Whether we laud these new poems or carp at them, we are equally sure of the result—they will pass silently into the affections of the public, silently and fruitfully as seeds drop into the mute bosom of the earth from which are reproduced the blissful and the beautiful. What is the use to weary good-natured individuals with elaborate iterations? Suppose we take a column to prove that Charles Mackay is a thorough master of metre; that he is the most eloquent of



preachers; that he is perfect in the setting of his imagery; that with artistic activities he binds and braces as with hoops of gold the materials of his tale, so that no feeble fragment draggles from the main body—yet we only expend a column to state what is pretty well understood already.

There is, therefore, no inducement to be prolix. And yet we cannot help lingering over some of the poet's choice passages. Here is an exquisite expression of that companionship which exists in the lovely of form and the lovely in tone.

The quiet ripple of her smile  
Revealed the peaceful mind,  
The mellow moonlight of her eyes  
Her sympathies refined;  
And when she spoke, the audible charm  
Was Beauty for the blind.

The song sung by the "jocund gardener" is full of that healthy and hearty vivacity which strike the fancy and educate the heart with more directness than all your didactic lore or your political aphorisms.

EARL NORMAN AND JOHN TRUMAN.

"Through great Earl Norman's acres wide,  
A prosperous and a good land,  
Twilt take you fifty miles to ride,  
O'er grass, and corn, and woodland.  
His age is sixty-nine, or near—  
And I'm scarce twenty-two, man,  
And have but fifty pounds a year—  
Poor John Truman!  
But would I change? I faith! not I!  
Oh no, not I, says Truman!

"Earl Norman dwells in halls of state,  
The grandest in the county;  
Has forty cousins at his gate,  
To feed upon his bounty.  
But then he's deaf; the doctor's care—  
While I in whispers woo, man,  
And find my physic in the air—  
Stout John Truman!  
D'ye think I'd change for thrice his gold?  
Oh no, not I, says Truman!

"Earl Norman boasts a garter'd knee—  
A proof of royal grace;  
I wear, by Nelly wrought for me,  
A silken pair of braces.  
He sports a star upon his breast,  
And I a violet blue, man—  
The gift of her who loves me best—  
Proud John Truman!  
I'd be myself—and not the Earl—  
Oh that would I, says Truman!"

The new volume by Charles Mackay contains, in addition to *The Lump of Gold*, about thirty poems, some of which have already appeared, but none of which can be multiplied too often. How they sparkle all and each with the sunshine of goodly disposition, with yearning desire to leave the world braver and wiser! We should have less priests if we possessed more poets like Charles Mackay.

*The Cottage Hero: a Tale of the Crimean War.*  
By GEORGE WILLIAM SWANTON. Northampton: Swanton.

*Conqueraye: a War Idyl.* By T. FOSTER KER. London: Churchill.

*Lays of the War.* By MICHAEL JOSEPH BARRY. Cork: Office of Daily Reporter.

*The Ode of Peace.* By the Rev. ARCHER GURNEY. London: Longman and Co.

Now there is a lull in the storm of strife; now that the wish for peace—a peace complete and honourable—is father to the thought; before we again hear the wild echoes of "war's magnificently stern array," we can scarcely do better than dismiss those bards who have looked to the war for inspiration. The heroic poetry, the national grandeur crowded into one act of our brave soldiers, such, for instance, as the celebrated charge of the Light Brigade, would seem to prostrate rather than sustain the ability of our modern poets. Such an act of daring and duty is an epic to be remembered for ever, a consolation to cheer us in the dearth and poverty of words. The poetasters may do their worst, or their best; they only serve to bring poetry into contempt; they are powerless to deduct one scruple from the deeds of heroes. With this fact before us we turn with a lighter heart to the minor books on the war. These, as it will be seen, have different degrees of merit and demerit, the highest credit which can be given to the best being the credit which is honestly due to respectable mediocrity.

To the first, *The Cottage Hero: a Tale of the Crimean War*, we take unmitigable objection. We wish to be extremely careful not to drop a word of encouragement, because the author assures us that if he "receive approbation" he may "introduce other poems to the public." Let him print again; "but thou canst not say we did it." Ought a man to tempt again the good nature of

the public and the reviewers who can be so ungrammatical and so doggel as this?

A ruin'd wall skirts yonder hill,  
Near quiet cattle's browsing still;  
I see villagers in a band  
Crowd where a youth and maiden stand;  
They press coin in his hand, and say—  
God bless thee, lad, when far away!  
With wooden leg there sat and smiled  
An old corporal, who loved him child,  
Who oft sheltered 'neath village tree,  
Of Indian war and liberty  
Discours'd—his leg at Waterloo  
He lost—two Russians once slew.  
Old women gazed in wonder and fright,  
And whispered he must be a barbarous wight.

Mr. Forster Ker's *Conqueraye*, unlike the last, shows the practised writer; why, then, does the author affect to call his efforts "crude attempts at poetry?" His late poems, "Voices for Progress," were very well received by the reviewers, on the ground generally of their being harmonious. Has he grown discordant since then? Vanity may live in self-depreciation, as the pride of wealth may, and often does, peep through a tattered coat. *Conqueraye* is not crude; but the author might have left it unwritten and sacrificed no fame thereby.

*Lays of the War*, by Michael Joseph Barry, have considerable claim to attention. Most of the lays have been reprinted from the *Cork Daily Reporter*, and may be said to have had respectable circulation. They are extremely firm and spirited, and whatever fame they have acquired has been due to no fictitious agency. They deserve, and, doubtless, will now obtain, a wider circulation and a broader commendation than could be reached by local publication.

The Rev. Archer Gurney's poem, *The Ode of Peace*, written, it should be borne in mind, long before there were any rumours of peace, is remarkable, yet not for its poetic wealth, for in this respect it bears no comparison with some of the author's antecedent poems; in fact, it does not bear the charm of spontaneity. It is remarkable because, on the question of the present war, it advocates the unpopular—some have been so harsh as to term it the un-English—view of Messrs. Bright, Cobden, and Co. and the *Press* newspaper. "This sense, not ecstasy, must guide the lay," says Mr. Gurney; but then it is by no means certain that sense is on the side of the peace party. We have gained, it seems, all that we can reasonably desire by the war; and so the poet says,—

Dear countrymen, forbear!  
Stricken is the foe; the eagle-wings are fur'd,  
Clipp'd to the quick.

Let us repeat that passage "the eagle-wings are fur'd," that we may be sure it has been deliberately uttered by the poet. Is history, then, a lie? Was the fearful ukase, which even while the poet wrote was dragging wretched serfs from their homes that they might fight the desperate battle of despotism, only as a scene in a pantomime? Generous eagle! that seized on Kars merely as a nest, so that she might be able to realise the words of Shelley,—

With wings folded, I rest in my airy nest  
As still as a brooding dove!

Shortly after, if not before, those words reach our readers we shall see whether the eagle's wings be furled or not; if furled, Russia will be prompt in her negotiations; she will disgorge enough of her plunder to quiet the fears of the nations. Alas! instead of being furled, we fear that those ominous wings will yet be outstretched to blast and blight by their shadow the fairest flowers of truth and liberty. But the poet has not yet concluded his admiration of Russia, or his dislike of the conduct of his countrymen. He says:

O, is it thine, my country! thine, to wage  
Unjust aggression, for a shadowy goal?

In the name of all that is English, all that is just, why do those peacemongers ungenerously prate of our aggression, as if Russia, immaculate Russia, had never been an aggressor. She has been a huge aggressor, and they know it—the more shame that they should be silent over her crimes. But Russia "cannot yield peace" says the poet:

She dares not kneel to you,  
To you or any, for her empire's throne  
Is based on faith alone.

On the faith, we presume, that the Romanoffs shall yet reign in Constantinople.

Yield peace! 'Tis ours to yield, we know,  
Demand not that confession from your foe.

Now this is precisely what we don't happen to know. But what, according to the poet's own showing, is to be the grand result of a peace made at this moment? Why,

Fall twenty times the orb must round the vast,  
Circling around the parent sun,  
Ere she could play the part she now hath done.

So that in twenty years Russia would be in the same position to seize the property of "the sick man," to arrest civilisation, to depopulate and desolate this fair universe. The poet could not more effectually have stabbed his own case than by such an admission. We now leave the author's political sagacity and his poetical "sense"—not the "ecstasy" of poetry, for he disclaims that—to our readers, and to their idea of justice.

*The Emperor's Vigil, and the Waves and the War.*  
By ERNEST JONES. London: Routledge.

*The Battle of the Alma: a National Ballad.* By JOHN WM. FLETCHER. London: R. Theobald. We have reserved these poems from a throng of war-ballads, and they are fully entitled to the distinction. Mr. Ernest Jones has been quick to follow the luminous track of that fame which he won by the publication of his "Battle Day." Doubtless it is wise to keep one's name constantly before the public, when such a course does not entail haste or carelessness. There are traces of haste a little too apparent in these lays. If we point out one instance of such, it is not to parade our sagacity, but only that it may serve as a kindly hint to the author. A poet who has got the ear of the public, and Mr. Ernest Jones undoubtedly has, cannot afford to be hasty. A very spirited lyric, named "The Arrival"—that is, the arrival of the English fleet on the Swedish shore—is concluded in a manner at once un-euphonious and rugged. We give the verse:

For knowledge sublime from the West shall come,  
As it came from the East of yore;  
A child that brought pearls of great price from home,  
Returning to render back more.

The two last lines conclude, but cannot strictly be said to finish, the poem. The conclusion of a poem, more perhaps than any other part, should be compact, and leave in the reader's mind no desire for another verse. In the ballad this undoubtedly is indispensable; and Mr. W. J. Fox, in his admirable Lectures for the Working Classes, has drawn attention to the last line of Campbell's "Lord Ullin's Daughter" as an example of the consummate genius of the poet. Despite the drawbacks we have instanced, these poems of Mr. Ernest Jones show the same vigour, the same intensity of thought, and the same freedom of style which distinguished his "Battle Day." There are some very beautiful ideas in these lays, such as only a truly poetical mind could conceive. After strife in the sunshine of the Baltic, the description of the wintry east wind coming as the herald of peace and closing the "lists" of war is highly poetical. More poetical still, and replete with the finest fancy, is the description of the hoar frost, like "a trembling tear," hanging on the black lips of the cannon. What, again, can be more beautiful than the idea that in the Baltic God's flag of truce is the snow? Few poets have conceived anything finer or more fanciful; and with the verses which embody such glorious images we dismiss this little book, being assured that our readers will appreciate the author's undoubted poetic talent. The poet is speaking of the spirits of the storm:

All night they sit on the helm and prow,  
Calling the North Light nigher;  
Rocking the great ship to and fro,  
And stilling its heart of fire.

Their cold thin fingers of hoar-frost ere  
On the cannon's black lips laying:  
'Tis hushed!—and the morn sees a trembling tear  
Where the fires of death were playing.

'Tis thus the East wind comes in the night,  
God's trace in his white flag waving.  
The pride of the conqueror patting to flight,  
But the wreck of the conquered saving.

O'er the desolate slain his wreath is cast,  
Of Death's pale winter-roses;  
For the Herald of Peace the East wind pass'd:  
'Tis thus that the lists he closes.

We unhesitatingly place in the foremost rank *The Battle of the Alma*, by Mr. Fletcher. For lyrical energy we have seen nothing on the events of the war which surpasses it. It is all ablaze with fire, all alive with the rush of martial hosts. We all but hear the tremendous conflict in the forcible description of the poet. The live blood tingles in the reader's veins as he follows the champions of freedom till "the rocky heights are reft." Not dealing with words as much as with thick-coming deeds of daring, of Titanic strife, we grow almost dizzy with the poet's rapidity, with the eager manner in which he fights

the battle over again. We are proud and pleased to say that in Mr. Fletcher the bravery of our soldiers has met with an able expositor. We are indisposed to present an extract, lest we should break thereby the full swing and energy of the ballad; but we strongly direct our readers to this little volume, which it is gratifying to see has already reached a second edition.

*The Merchant's Daughter of Toulon: a Play, in Five Acts.* By Mrs. EDWARD THOMAS. London: T. H. Lacy.

THE very recent production of this excellent comedy at the Marylebone Theatre renders it unnecessary for us to do more than chronicle its appearance in print. Those who had not the advantage of hearing it when admirably interpreted by Miss Edith Heraud, Mr. Lyon, and other excellent artists, may now make themselves some amends by reading it over carefully. It merits the pains. Mrs. Thomas has imbued her mind so thoroughly with the old authors that she has caught something of their flavour. In the yellow suit of Godefrid, Malvolio seems to live anew; and in the calumniated Hortensia we seem to see another Hero.

*The English Press and its Poets: a Satire.* By CORDEAC VERDELO. London: printed by Charles Whittingham. 1856.

THE only excuse for the author of this very silly and obscene composition is that he is insane. But what excuse can be found for the tradesman who has printed such garbage?

### MISCELLANEOUS.

*On the Right Management of the Voice in Reading and Speaking; with some Remarks on Phrasing and Accentuation.* By the Rev. W. W. CAZALET, A.M. London: T. Bosworth.

It is a strange anomaly, in these days of educational movement, when each faculty of body and mind is forced to its highest degree of development, and when, for the gratification of the ear, no labour is spared to render the human voice harmonious and expressive—it is, indeed, strange that so little training should be thought requisite to prepare it for the discharge of those far nobler functions, by whose agency man "forgets the subtle and delicate air into wise and melodious words, and gives them wing as angels of persuasion and command;" and this, not alone with the object of enlarging to the utmost its sphere of action and influence, but of enabling it to wield that power without injury to its own exquisite mechanism.

To the almost total absence of proper instruction in the management of the voice in reading and speaking at our schools and universities, we may fairly ascribe it that so many of our clergy find its powers impaired at a comparatively early period of life, and themselves

condemned to long intervals of silence to allow the overstrained organ time to recover its healthy tone. Not a few, indeed, compelled by circumstances to persevere, through much suffering, in the fulfilment of duties to which they were unequal, have been driven at last to abandon the ministry altogether.

It is chiefly to sufferers of this class that the author addresses himself. He treats first briefly of the anatomical structure and the functions of the vocal organ. Secondly, he has entered somewhat minutely into the organic formation of the letters of the alphabet; analysing the process step by step; laying great stress on the necessity for economising the breath, and showing the injurious effects which are produced by "forcing" it. He has further dwelt strongly on the essential aid afforded by the ear in controlling and directing the voice, and on the importance of its culture. And, finally, he has indicated by examples, selected from the Lord's Prayer, the first chapter of Genesis, and the opening exhortations of the Liturgy of the Church of England, many of the rules which should guide the speaker or reader in his delivery. It would be absurd to expect that, in the compass of fifty pages, rules could be laid down which would enable the reader to correct with certainty and facility defects which have grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength. The necessity for submitting the organ of speech to the same systematic cultivation which is so early and sedulously bestowed on the other faculties, is only brought home to a man at an epoch when it is no light task to cast off, by his own unaided efforts, the influence of bad habits of articulation and enunciation, and acquire new and correct ones. Mr. Cazalet has pointed out very clearly the principal errors from which the defects and disorders in question—more particularly Dysphonia Clericorum—originate; and is prepared, we perceive from an announcement facing his introductory chapter, to afford his assistance to those who may be desirous to test practically the efficacy of the system which he propounds. The pamphlet may accordingly be regarded more in the light of an outline to be filled up by oral instruction, or as the syllabus to a course of lectures, than as an essay on elocution. Yet the conditions are plainly enough set forth, and the main principles established on which a free and distinct utterance depends. Until this is achieved, medicine, it is notorious, can but palliate the mischief; and surgery has been accused, not altogether unjustly, we fear, of aggravating it.

Its author states that he himself suffered formerly from "relaxation of the throat and exhaustion, after speaking and reading;" and that, having succeeded in remedying these evils, not only in his own case but in those of others, by attention to the rules which he prescribes, he is induced to make them public. When a clergyman and a scholar, who has evidently thought deeply and earnestly on the subject, thus comes forward with the result of his own dearly-bought experience, he has some claim to our favourable notice. At any rate, the pulpit and the reading-desk need no longer be exclusively indebted to the stage for lessons in what is commonly termed elocution, but which too often ripens into mere sapless theatrical declamation.

*Practical Hints for Investing Money; with an Explanation of the Mode of Transacting Business on the Stock Exchange.* By FRANCIS PLAYFORD. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

A VERY complete and well-written little manual, full of all sorts of useful hints and information for the behoof of those who have any money to invest. Mr. Playford (who announces himself as a sworn broker) here, unravels in language which is intelligible to the most "unbusinesslike" mind, all the mysteries of Capel Court; the complex operations of purchasing and transferring stock; the nature of the Funds; the intricacies of Railway Investments, time bargains, et cetera.

*The British Consul's Manual: being a Practical Guide for Consuls, &c.* By G. W. A. TUSON. London: Longman and Co.

WHEN we look at this volume of nearly 600 closely printed pages, devoted exclusively to the subject of Consuls, we are not surprised that those officials are sometimes found incompetent to their duties; we are only amazed that any should be found equal to them. Mr. Tuson has done good service by collecting thus, in an accessible form, a mass of materials hitherto scattered about where few could lay their hands upon them when wanted. He treats his topic very scientifically—describing, in order, the origin of consular institutions; the qualification of a consul; his duties generally and especially in Turkey, the Levant, and China; the jurisdiction, privileges, and immunities of consuls; their salaries, fees, and rank. An appendix brings together all the laws by which the office is regulated, with notarial precedents and consular forms; the treaties by which consular privileges have been conferred; and a table of foreign weights and measures, with their equivalents in English. This account of the contents will be the best recommendation of the book.

*Counsels to Authors* are, in fact, a printer's advertisement. In substance it means, employ us to print for you.

Mr. E. S. Delamer has published a little volume on *Flax and Hemp, their culture and manipulation*. It is in a practical form, written in familiar language, and contains all the information that a farmer requires upon the subject it treats of.

*The Chess-Player's Manual for 1856*—edited by Charles Tomlinson (A. Hall and Co.)—is a collection of chess literature—tales about chess, poetry about chess, essays on chess, games of chess, chess aphorisms, rules for chess, instructions for chess, problems for chess, and such like. Doubtless it will be a delight to all chess-players.

*Sharpe's Road-book for the Rail, Western Division* (Bogue), is a useful traveller's manual. It gives the lines of rail, with the distances, and, on either side, the towns, villages, gentlemen's seats, and other objects of interest, with short descriptions.

*Hardwicke's Shilling House of Commons and Shilling Peerage* are two useful little books, containing brief accounts of the various members of either House of Parliament. But we notice one blunder on opening it. Mr. Cobden is stated to be unmarried. He has a wife and family.

## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

### THE CRITIC ABROAD.

BRUSSELS, weekly and monthly, sends over for the delectation and instruction of our reading public books new and old. It may be that the amusing sometimes exceeds the useful in point of number, and it may be that many of them have not been fairly produced for the market; but we are unwilling to use strong language on this head, seeing that in reading such books we should fall under our own condemnation. We should certainly like some casuist to set our conscience at rest as to the legality of reading pirated books; for, since, as the maxim runs, the purchaser is as bad as the peculator, we might some day have a long indictment preferred against us before an Old Bailey where conviction would certainly follow. Until this casuist makes his appearance, we must continue to take a glance into these Belgian wares as heretofore.

Lying nearest to hand is a *nouvelle* by Charles Moussélet, *La Franc-Maçonnerie des femmes*. It is smart, lively, powdered here and there with hoary maxims, and has sufficient good sense to keep it afloat. The commencement ought to satisfy every lover of the horrible; and in other parts there are scenes and dramatic passages calculated to gain the applause of every triton and minnow among novel-readers. We draw the curtain, and thus begins the piece:—

The report of firearms was heard in the night. "What is that?" said a gentleman, putting his head from the window of a carriage, driving on the road from Ecouen to Saint-Denis. The coachman stopped and looked round on every side. It was about eleven o'clock at night. Although the country was bare hereabouts, the moon lit up thick and shifting vapours only, like those which exhale from the flanks of horses in perspiration. "Well?" repeated the gentleman. "Well," replied the coachman, "I think it came from the house of Madame Abadie."

Master and man cautiously approach the residence of the lady mentioned. Suspicions are created in their minds. The gate of the courtyard is found open. The gentleman enters and stumbles over the dead carcass of the watchdog. The hall-door is also found open. He advances; all is darkness; but he hears groans proceeding from an upper chamber. Ascending he enters a room, and procuring a light, *à la romance*, he discovers an ancient lady, gagged, and bound to a bed-post. He unbinds and supplies her with a glass of water, when she points and faintly articulates, "Above." At this instant a noise is heard, and the coachman, who opportunely makes his appearance, is sent "above," while the gentleman, cocking his pistols, proceeds in the direction of the noise. He perceives two men in flight; he fires, misses his mark, and the assassins make their escape over the garden-wall. Returning to

the ancient lady, he finds that she has been mortally wounded, blood trickles from her breast, and, to complete the tragedy, the coachman enters, to announce that he has discovered the *femme-de-chambre*, who had valiantly defended her mistress, murdered. The coachman retires, and Madame Abadie, who has somewhat recovered, proceeds to make a confidant of the gentleman, whose name has not yet transpired. She requests to be placed in a chair near the fire-place, and then, touching a spring, a looking-glass descends; another spring is touched, and a panel flies open. The lady requests of the gentleman *un service suprême*. "Be certain, Madame, that you have to do with a man of honour."

"Open the cupboard," said she: "there are, among other papers, my will duly signed; it belongs by right to justice; it is not that which concerns me. There are certain *coupons* payable to the holder, and . . . some gold . . . twenty thousand francs in a bag . . . you see it?" "Yes, madam." "You are not rich, perhaps," she continued with hesitation; "it is right you should be indemnified for the trouble I shall put you to; take these twenty thousand francs." "It is useless," he said, smiling. "Why?" "Because I have an income of sixty thousand francs, and that is enough for me." "Pardonnez . . . Do you see a coffer at the bottom of the cupboard?" "A coffer? Yes." "Give it me," she said. When she had received it—"The honour and the interests of



more than a hundred families are contained within this. It is a sacred deposit, which was transmitted to me, and which I transmit in my turn. Send this coffer, as soon as possible, to Madame the Marchioness de Pressigny."

Here we have a real lady, a veritable gentleman, and a mysterious coffer. A fair beginning. The lady dies; the French journals, the following day, announce her murder, and state, among other particulars, that in her youth she was exceedingly beautiful; that some of her contemporaries obstinately affirmed that they recognised in her one of the *déeses de la Raison*, whom the fanaticism of revolution once publicly promenaded in the streets; and that up to the day of her death, at the age of sixty-five, she still retained traces of her early beauty.

The scene changes. We are no longer in the chamber of horrors, but in the pleasant, and ten years ago unfashionable, watering-place of La Teste de Buch, which has a clear bay and sand dunes in front, pines, quagmires, and sandy deserts behind, and which may be found on the map in La Gironde, at no great distance south of Bordeaux. The place, and the people of the place, are sketched with all the angularity which a Frenchman can throw into his pictures. Here we are introduced to the Marchioness de Pressigny, who plays an important part in the piece; to her sister the Countess d'Ingrande, who is all verjuice and aristocracy; and to Amélie, daughter of the latter, still in her teens, who has been educated in the manner of the old noblesse—that is, she can dance, and fence, and play antics in the water like a dolphin, and who, for a young lady of high blood, is too frank, a little hoydenish, and disposed occasionally to have a mind of her own. Next we make the acquaintance of a gay, good-hearted young noble, Irénée de Tréméleu, who is rather a pet with the ladies; and with a gay, dashing, bad-hearted, and hot-headed young gentleman, Philippe Beyle, who is destined to get into water over hot with the former, on account of a certain Marianne, who occupies the central place in the picture. M. Huot, mine host of the *Hôtel du Globe et des Etrangers*; and a tarnished, middle-aged sinner, fisherman and local wizard, rejoicing in the name of Péché, occupy side scenes. We had almost omitted mention of M. Blanchard, an eccentric, or one who chooses to make himself an eccentric, and who is so in and out in the piece, that we can hardly assign him a station. He is wealthy, benevolent, a general favourite. He makes quarrels and mends quarrels. His business at La Teste du Buch is to find the Marchioness de Pressigny, in order to hand over to her the mysterious coffer. He is, in short, the hero of the chamber of horrors. And now we return to Marianne.

Marianne Rupert was born in a garret, in the Rue du Four-Saint-Honoré. "Her earliest recollections were of a very red-faced and violent man—her father—and of a woman, who passed her days in arranging her hair and decking her head with tawdry finery—her step-mother." Between the two she led no easy life. The father pinched her and cuffed her; the step-mother went far to starve her. She scrubbed and rubbed and drugged, and knew no childhood's life. She was the Cinderella of the household, garnished from morn to night with dirt. The more she accomplished the worse was she treated. Blows were the reward of industry—mouldy crusts the recompense of patience. The nature of the child, through this treatment, was almost perverted, and she took to pinching the ears of a poor orphan, who lived in the same house, as a practical mode of expressing her feelings. Among common people, the writer says, and with much truth, strange changes of affection take place, without evident motive. "A first brutality, often committed without reflection, leads to a second, which is calculated. It is where the parent should repent that he begins to justify himself. He seeks a reason for his rage, and he finds one. Henceforth he acquires a habit; his eyebrows scowl upon his child, for a father never admits that there is anything illogical in his conduct; henceforth he looks out for every occasion to incite his rage, and he makes the occasions. Anger, like drunkenness, is progressive; it engenders hatred, and hatred calls up cruelty. Hence, from having wished to be infallible once, he descends through all the gradations of insanity and inhumanity. Pride, among the low classes, when driven to extremes, produces the most frightful results." The colourman—he dealt in white-lead, ochre, and such like wares—beat his

daughter morning and night upon this vicious principle. He reasoned thus: "Since I beat her so often and so hard, she must be a monster." The tale is so naturally unnatural, that we are forced to believe that it has been borrowed from life. The child must not play with those of her age. Through the *grilles* of her bondage she sees little boys and girls romping and playing, singing the disjointed songs of infancy; such as—

Un é, un é,  
Ma tante Michel,  
Des rayes, des choux,  
Des raisins doux,  
&c. &c.

She had had slender education at a convent before her Cinderella-life began; domestic tyranny had nearly driven it all out of her. Just about this time, however, a music master found that she had musical gifts. It required small bargains on the part of the father to sell his daughter, in hard francs, to a small theatrical manager, who undertook to provide for her education. The child made her appearance upon a Parisian stage, and was welcomed with applause. He who had contributed most to her successes was Irénée de Tréméleu. He discovered her as a poor pupil of the *Conservatoire*: he honoured and loved her. Philippe Beyle saw her and loved her also. The girl was entangled in her affections. She loved Irénée for his heart: she fell before the blandishments of Philippe. To the two she was destined to fall a sacrifice. Matters get nicely mingled and complicated. But first there is the meeting of Marianne with the aristocratic Countess d'Ingrande and her sister. Marianne, in a boating excursion, falls into the sea, and is saved by Amélie, a great swimmer. When, the following day, Marianne resorts to the house of her saviour, she is treated with indignity. She wishes to present Amélie with her testimony of regard. It was a small present. "Accept this," she said, "as a small testimony of my regard: that which enhances its value is that it belonged to Malibran." "My daughter knows nothing of Malibran," said the Countess d'Ingrande. Here a beautiful piece of pathos occurs:—

Malibran, said she, with a sad accent, was one of those poor women whose soul heaven makes luminous as the light of a candle, and whose only genius is soon to expire. She was a singer, Mademoiselle. Perhaps when a few years have added to your beauty too, you may hear this name resounded in the saloons you may visit; disdain not to listen; this name shall only awaken within you touching remembrances and mild sympathies! It is the privilege of women who march so triumphantly to the tomb.

It is wicked to disappoint the reader, having proceeded so far, but really we have given sufficient indication how the matter is likely to end. Madame the Marchioness de Pressigny receives from M. Blanchard the mysterious coffer; and at the end of volume one she exclaims in ecstasy: "Grand Mistress! I am grand mistress of the freemasonry of women."

There has been sent to us, *Gedichte von Adolphe Hain*, a neatly printed volume of small poetical pieces. A friend, more facile than ourselves in turning German verses into English gives the following account of it:—

The author, born in Prussia, after much wandering on the Continent, at length visited Glasgow, where he resided for some time, and seems to have made many friends. In this place he died, in December 1854; and the present collection of his poems has been published by his Scotch admirers, who say of him, in their preface, that 'his poetical remains indicate what rich promise has been buried with him.' Hain's poems are mainly lyrical; the first half being memorials of his Swiss travel; the remaining are of a miscellaneous kind. Very pure and gentle, very unaffected, the range of subjects is also very narrow. Placid melancholy, a pretty natural piety, death and parted lovers, the churchyard and Paradise, weariness of time and hope for eternity—these form the staple of the book. We will give one specimen.

#### TWO HEARTS.

They twined the myrtle with the maiden's hair;  
Adorned her for the altar; led her there;  
And softly has her mouth the "Yes" outspoken;  
Her mouth, but not her heart, for that was broken.  
Still she endured; then parted. When they met'd her  
In the last house we have,  
There came a pale-faced man, and overstepped her  
With flowers into the grave.  
A month long was it daily flower-bestrown,  
That grave. Men ask'd, whose hand? It was unknown.  
But then it ceased, and in a little space  
They brought another bier into the place.

Hain was nine-and-twenty when he died. We do not think that the world has lost a poet in him; but we have no doubt that his friends have lost an amiable and kind-hearted man.

#### Foreign Books recently published.

[Where prices are given the franc has been valued at a shilling, and the thaler at three shillings, as in importing books duty and carriage have to be reckoned.]

#### FRENCH.

Arémeugand, J. G. D. Les Galeries publiques de l'Europe : Rome. Paris. Folio. 30s.  
Balzac. Les Contes drolatiques, colligés, abbayés de Tocrayne et mis en lumière pour l'esbatement des pantagruelistes et non autres. 5th edition, illustrated with 425 designs. 8vo. Paris. 12s.  
Barbier, Auguste. Iambes et poèmes. 8th edition. Paris. 8vo.  
Borel d'Hauterive. Annuaire de la noblesse de France et des maisons souveraines de l'Europe, 1856. Paris. 8vo. 5s.  
Dictionnaire de la tradition pontificale, patristique et conciliaire. Par M. l'Abbé Migne. 2 vols. Paris. 8vo. 14s.  
Dictionnaire des Inventons. Vols. XXXV., XXXVI. Paris. 8vo. 14s.  
Dumas, A. L'Orestie, tragédie. Paris. 8vo. 2s.  
France (la) ecclésiastique pour 1856, contenant les archévêques et évêques de France. 18mo. Paris. 1s.  
Ferry, J. De l'influence des idées philosophiques sur le barreau au XVIIIe siècle. Paris. 1s.  
Fraissinet, Mme. S. Les Chercheurs d'Or au XIXe siècle. 8vo.  
Gannem, E. La Cassette de Saint-Louis, roi de France. Six plates. Paris. 35s.  
Héricourt, A. d', et Godin, A. Les rues d'Arras. Dictionnaire historique, &c. Arras. 8vo.  
Histoire de France depuis les temps les plus reculés jusqu'à 1830. Paris. 8vo. 6s.  
Histoire de Floris, ses seigneurs et son industrie. 8vo. Paris. 3s.  
La Ferrière-Percy, Le comte H. de. Journal de la Comtesse de Sauzay, Marguerite de la Motte Fouqué, Intérieur d'un château normand au XVIIe siècle. 8vo. Paris. 3s.  
Lafon, Mary. Les Aventures du Chevalier Jauffre et de la belle Brunisende. 8vo. Paris. 7s. 6d.  
Laboly, N. Recueil des Nœls composés en langue provençale. Par Fr. Seguin. 4s.  
Paillet, E. Eloge de Pierre Pithou. Paris. 8vo.  
Roman (le) de Jehan de Paris, publié d'après les premières éditions, et précédé d'une notice, par Emile Mabille 16mo. 3s.  
Vinet, A. Etudes sur Blaise Pascal. 8vo. Paris. 5s.

#### FRANCE.

#### GEORGE SAND MARRIED AND UNSETTLED.

*Histoire de ma Vie* ("Story of My Life"). Par GEORGE SAND. Paris: V. Lecou. 1855. (Tomes XIII. XIV. et XV.)

(Continued from page 23.)

OUT of school into the arms of a husband is, generally speaking, a very short step with marriageable young Frenchwomen. It is only as a married woman that a properly-educated young lady can expect to see anything of the world. What is the result? Why, that her experience comes too late to avail her anything in that greatest and most solemn event of her life, the choice of a husband. No sooner was Aurore outside the walls of the convent than her grandmother was busying herself about getting her well married. The good old dame had a project for marrying her to a cousin, a highly respectable and somewhat aristocratic personage; but neither of the principal parties concerned appeared to favour the idea. Had it been carried out, who can say what might have been the result? Would the future George Sand, the revolutionary opponent of respectabilities, have been tamed down into a countess—in which event we should probably have never seen any of those works which have made her name immortal? or would she have flown off at a tangent into yet wilder extravagancies, through the sheer force of her eccentric nature? It is impossible to tell. In less than two years after she left the convent her aged grandmother was struck with paralysis, and on the 25th of December 1821 she expired, leaving Aurore the entire of her little property, or in other words an heiress to the extent of some four or five hundred a year.

At this crisis Mme. Dupin the younger behaved in a manner which, though it might have been anticipated from her past history, proves her to have been a thoroughly bad woman. In later years the intercourse between herself and the old lady had grown cooler and cooler, until all commerce between them had apparently ceased; but no sooner was the latter in her grave than the bitterness and animosity of the ex-adventuress burst out with malignant intensity. It seems strange that Mme. Dudevant should have laid before us this unamiable view of her mother's character; but so it is; and, after all, it is not more extraordinary than her candour in exposing the disgraceful secrets of her mother's early life.

The will of Madame Dupin the elder expressed a wish on her part that during the remainder of her minority Aurore should be placed under the care of a relative, one M. de Villeneuve, a gentleman of that rank and station in which the old lady had been accustomed to move. Scarcely, however, had her remains become cold when Aurore's mother, accompanied by her own sister and her sister's husband, posted down to Nohant to seize everything on behalf of the heiress. The event subsequently proved that the old lady was quite right in thinking that her granddaughter could never be happy if confided to the charge of her impulsive, vulgar, and passionate mother, and there can be no doubt that the girl herself both felt and understood this; but the French law is imperative upon this point, and when Madame Dupin the younger, fully prepared to go to extremities, claimed the possession of her daughter's person and property, there was no resisting the demand. This violent and ill-bred woman came down to Nohant, and, before the body was under the ground, burst forth into the most violent invectives against her departed adversary. When the will was read she gave vent to a perfect storm of fury, and threatened to take the law of any one who should presume to question her right to the possession of her daughter. The paternal side of the family were forced to submit, and thus it was that Aurore was cast against her will into a class of society much below the level of her education, and utterly subversive of her past associations whilst under the care of her grandmother. Her father's family, unable to receive the mother and her friends, was forced to close their doors against her; indeed, she would have been too proud to seek admission if they had been left open but for her alone.

Certainly at this epoch of her life all seems to have gone wrong with Aurore. A spoilt child, the pet of a doting grandmother, and convent-bred, suddenly finds herself thrown, by the irresistible force of circumstances, into associations scarcely reputable, and certainly vulgar. Her cousin, De Villeneuve, thus reasoned the matter over with her:

What I should call a good match for you would be a man with some fortune and of good birth. I can assure you that no such person will come and seek you here; and even when, in three years' time, you are of age, you will be no easier to marry than you are now. As for me, I shall not meddle with the business; for I should have it thrown in my teeth that you lived for three years with your mother, and with all sorts of good folks whom one is not in the habit of visiting. Marry then as you best may.

Poor Aurore! this was cold comfort for thee. Well mayst thou sigh for the poor dead grandmother, and try to take shelter in the convent once more. But fate was inexorable; there was not so much as a vacant cell in the English Augustines.

Nor was Madame Dupin the younger satisfied with frustrating the plans which had been formed for the welfare of Aurore; her old enemy, Deschartres, was now to some extent in her power; and, as she never forgave an injury or a slight, she was determined to wreak upon him the full measure of her vengeance. During the latter period of the old lady's life, this honest but crotchety fellow had had the entire management of her affairs, and (apparently with the best intentions in the world) he had entered into some land and cattle speculations on his mistress's behalf, without proper legal authority to do so. The statement of affairs exhibited a deficit of some eighteen thousand francs against these transactions—in round numbers, about 720*l*. sterling. There does not appear to have been the slightest reason for believing that Deschartres had acted otherwise than foolishly, far less that he had applied this money for his own benefit; but Madame Dupin the younger had resolved to pay off old scores. Deschartres was summoned before a family council and interrogated respecting his vouchers. The above-mentioned sum was not, of course, forthcoming.

My mother, strongly prejudiced against my poor old master, and eager to pay him back the sorrow he had caused her in times past, seemed to take a terrible pleasure in his confusion. She wished to make him appear dishonest before me, and was angry that I did not share her aversion.

The debtors' prison was held up in all its terrors before poor Deschartres, and there is no doubt that, if it had depended upon Madame Dupin, the threat would have been carried into execution; but Aurore resolved to save him this humiliation, and to do this had recourse to a very

strong expedient. She declared briefly and categorically that she had received the money from Deschartres with her own hands. To all interrogations as to when and where she had received it, or how she had disposed of it, she refused to make any reply. It was her own money, and nothing could be said, so Deschartres escaped scot-free. The poor fellow took an opportunity of seeing her alone, and, seizing her hand, he cried, with tears in his eyes: "I will pay you, Aurore, be sure of that." And we have no doubt that he would have done so, if he had only had the money.

What sort of life her mother led her after she had thus baffled her malignity may be easily imagined.

My mother, irritated against everything that I loved, declared that I should not return to the convent. She permitted me to go once and embrace the nuns and my companions, but forbade me to repeat the visit. She discharged my maid without warning, and even kicked my dog out of the house. I wept for my dog; for that was the drop of water that filled up the cup to overflowing.

It would have been well, perhaps, for poor Aurore if she had been treated like the maid and the dog; but that would not have been politic. Madame Dupin was satisfied with making her daughter's life a pain and a burden to her.

She required violent emotions; and, although during her life she had had plenty, they never satisfied that strange and certainly fatal hatred with which she regarded repose, either mental or corporeal. She needed an atmosphere of constant agitation—whether by changing her residence; quarrelling and being reconciled with some one; going into the country for a few hours, and suddenly returning to town again; dining first at one restaurant and then at another; or revolutionising her toilet from one end to the other every week.

A pleasant relief from this tempestuous nature must have been the occasional visits which Aurore was permitted to pay to an amiable family named Duplessis, who resided down in Brie. This was her Eden. The beautiful park, the gardens, the exercise, and, above all, the affectionate hospitality with which she was treated, were doubly agreeable after the discomfort and annoyances which she experienced under the maternal wing. The Duplessis family occasionally visited Paris, and Aurore took great delight in their society. It was through their instrumentality that she was introduced to her future husband, Casimir Dudevant.

One evening we were taking ices, after the theatre, in front of Tortoni's, when Madame Angèle said to her husband: "Ah! there is Casimir!" A slender young man, of elegant appearance, a gay expression, and military style, came to shake hands with them, and to reply to their eager questions respecting his father, Colonel Dudevant, whom they loved and respected dearly. He sat down by Madame Angèle, and asked, in an under tone, who I was. "My daughter," answered she aloud. "In that case," he replied, "she is my wife; for you know you promised me your eldest daughter." Madame Angèle laughed; but the joke was a prediction.

A few days afterwards, the young gentleman brought his "gay expression and military style" to the Château Plessis, and was romping about with the little heiress in all the freedom of bucolic simplicity. We are afraid that Madame Angèle was somewhat of a match-maker. Not very long afterwards, the young gentleman had made his proposals, and they were accepted. How could it be otherwise, with home and its discomforts on the one side, and a slender young man with "a gay expression and military style" on the other. After some slight opposition on the part of her mother, the marriage was resolved upon, and eventually took place in September 1822. Monsieur and Madame Dudevant spent their honeymoon at Nohant.

When a young lady accepts matrimony as being, in her opinion, the lesser of two evils, she invariably discovers, sooner or later, that she has brought upon herself the greatest misfortune that can befall her. Indifference, repentance, and mutual hatred, such are the easy gradations by which a marriage of mere convenience declines into the purgatory of unhappiness; and Madame Dudevant is neither the first nor the last victim who has suffered by that outrage against the natural law—which ordains that affection, in its best and truest sense, must pre-exist between those whom God has joined. With more of feminine reserve than we should have augured from her previous revelations, Madame Dudevant hesitates to accuse her husband, in direct terms, of being the cause of the estrangement which

eventually came about; but there are not wanting indirect hints tending to that conclusion. "My husband was fond of the country, though not as I was, for he was ardently attached to the chase, and left me a great deal to myself." This was very shortly after the marriage, and was certainly not ominous of much future happiness. In the summer of 1823 the couple returned to Paris, and took apartments in the house of M. Gaillot, formerly cook to the Emperor Napoleon.

This man, who was a very excellent and worthy fellow, had contracted, through the Emperor's *in case*, the extraordinary habit of never going to bed. Everybody knows that the *in case* was a fowl always cooked to a turn, and ready at every hour of either the night or day. A man's life had been consecrated to this fowl ever on the spit, and Gaillot, to whom it was intrusted, slept for ten years in a chair with his clothes on, and always ready to jump up on the instant.

On the 30th of June in the same year Madame Dudevant presented her husband with a litle son, upon whom was bestowed the family name of Maurice. The following autumn and winter were spent at Nohant, "entirely occupied with Maurice." Her husband is scarcely mentioned, except to record, with an air of suppressed dissatisfaction, that his alterations and improvements in the house and grounds at Nohant had upset many of her old associations.

One morning, at breakfast, without any immediate cause of uneasiness, I suddenly burst into tears. My husband was astonished. I could give him no explanation, except that I was subject to similar fits of causeless despair.

M. Dudevant wished to try what change of air and scene would do, and so took his wife to pass the summer with her old friends at Plessis. The experiment was perfectly successful, and she regained for a time something of her old gaiety and enjoyment of life. This sudden reaction afforded M. Dudevant new matter for astonishment.

Thanks to these contrasts, many people have thought me eccentric. My husband, more indulgent, took me for an idiot. Perhaps he was right; but gradually he made me feel so sensibly the superiority of his reason and intelligence that I was for a long time crushed, as it were.

In the winter the Duplessis family went to Paris, and the Dudevants had to find some other residence. They were not rich enough to live in Paris; and, besides that, they had apparently no great liking for the mode of life there.

We preferred the country, but we were afraid of Nohant; afraid too, perhaps, of finding ourselves alone together, with instincts so different, and so little mutual good understanding of each other's character. Without wishing to conceal anything, we had no mutual explanations; we never disputed, for I detested discussion too much. I did my best to see matters with my husband's eyes, to think as he thought, and to do as he wished; but directly I had brought myself into unison with him, I found myself so much at enmity with my own instincts, that I fell into a terrible sadness. He in all probability entertained very much the same feelings, without thoroughly understanding them. If I had had the art to establish ourselves in a way of life somewhat more animated, if I had been a little gay, if I had taken pleasure in the progress of circumstances, he would have been supported and maintained in his commerce with the world. But I was not at all the companion for him. I was too exclusive, too concentrated, too much out of the common order of things (*dehors du contenu*). If I had known the cause of the evil, I might have discovered the remedy; but I neither understood him nor myself.

Beneath an apparent air of candour and a pretence of self-accusation it is impossible not to notice the artifice whereby she lays all the fault by implication to her husband's account. She was a superior creature, who had thrown herself away upon a man who did not understand her.

They took a small house in the environs of Paris; "a very poor and confined little place, very ugly and dull, frightful roads, vineyards that shut out the view, a filthy village." A very suggestive description. When Chloe discovers that the grass is wet, and that the aspect of the country is not charming, poor Daphnis had best shoulder his crook and whistle off his flock with the best grace he can. "My husband (she adds) went out a great deal, and often went to Paris upon *I know not what* affairs." Once she went to Paris herself, to attend the funeral of Louis XVIII. Her description of the solemnities performed upon that occasion is at the same time graphic and minute.

It was terrible to behold. Rows of lighted candles upon a groundwork of sombre hangings, and at the lower end of the nave an immense cross of fire dazzled



the eyes and brought on an instant headache. The beautiful architecture of the basilica was completely lost under the draperies, and the profusion of brilliant lights was as nothing against the darkness of that monumental mourning. I heard Madame Pasta saying to some persons who were admiring the richness of the decorations: "It is not fine, it is frightful. It is like the infernal regions, or a temple of magicians." The music, although admirable, was as if it were buried in a vault. The ceremonies were interminable. Those forms of the old monarchic etiquette would have had an historic interest in my eyes, if it had not been for the idle and incomprehensible details which encumbered them. A funeral oration was pronounced in a weak voice, where it could only have been heard by some twenty persons. I know not what anthem, sung around a seated prelate, upon whose head two Levites were alternately placing and displacing the mitre at each verse and response, lasted two hours, and seemed to me to be the worst piece of pleasantry to which a man could gravely lend himself. Then came all the princes of the royal family, in violet court-mourning and dresses that recalled the costumes of the Valois. They quitted their places; returned; made profound reverences; knelt down upon cushions; saluted the dead monarch, the new one, &c. &c. At length a really dramatic moment arrived, when the colossal leaden coffin was lowered into the open vault. The ropes broke, and the *gardes du corps* who held them were nearly dragged down and crushed. The expression which the effort and the perilous nature of the operation gave to their features, the lugubrious beating of the tam-tams and cymbals, the instinctive emotion which thrilled the audience, broke the monotony of the solemnity; and many women whose nerves were excited by hunger, fatigue, and weariness, burst into tears, and cries, and sobbings. At length, about four o'clock in the afternoon, we were permitted to leave the church, which we had entered at eight in the morning. Never did the light of day and the fresh air seem so agreeable to me.

In the spring Madame Dudevant began to busy herself with the education of her son, and she informs us that, by way of a beginning, she read to him the *whole of Montaigne's Essays*. Strange pabulum for a child rising two years old! Her husband left her more and more alone, and occasionally he passed whole nights away from her. Soon afterwards the establishment moved into lodgings in the Rue du Faubourg-Saint-Honoré. Here Madame had an opportunity of seeing some of her old friends, and became more gay. Suddenly a whim seizes her, and she obtained the consent of her husband to go into retreat in the old convent of the Anglaises.

My husband was not at all religious, but he thought it very right that I should be so. I never spoke to him of my inner combats about the faith; for he would not have understood a species of troubles which he never experienced within himself.

The retreat into the convent was a failure, so far as happiness and consolation were concerned. The religious ardours of the school-girl were but feebly reproduced in the saddened and embittered heart of the married woman. The nuns were very kind, and made quite a plaything of little Maurice; but when one of them dropped an ill-natured hint that the child looked consumptive, Madame immediately took offence, and left the convent in a hurry.

Soon after this Colonel Dudevant and his wife (Madame's father and mother-in-law) paid a visit to Paris. The old Colonel seems to have been a fine old gentleman; but Madame Dudevant senior detested children, and would not suffer little Maurice to come near her, except with great precautions. In the spring of 1825 Deschartres died, and it is more than hinted that pecuniary difficulties drove him to suicide. Madame Dudevant was, perhaps, the only person in the world who regretted the rough but worthy old pedagogue. About this time, too (as an addition to her troubles), her brother Hippolyte became the cause of great uneasiness to her. He had become a confirmed drunkard, and at the age of thirty was subject to all the consequences of that disgusting vice.

We now draw towards the end of the sixteenth volume of these remarkable memoirs. The concluding pages are occupied by a journal kept during a journey to the Pyrenees in the summer of 1825; but we must reserve the account of this journey (which was undertaken as a visit to her parents-in-law) for a subsequent notice. Our intention for the present has been to indicate the latent germs of that estrangement which originally arose between Madame Dudevant and her husband. The tale and the incidents of which it is composed are very simple and common-place in their nature. In one form or another they are being acted over again in many

a household at the present day; and if by showing how by an inevitable law neglect will suffer thorns to grow up and choke the sweet flowers of conjugal love; how silence will beget distrust, and distrust dislike; how the absence of concession and the want of that plastic quality by which alone two persons can comfortably live together for better or for worse, must work out unhappiness as certainly as cold freezes water—we say that, if the repetition of the story will teach all these wholesome truths, it will not have been told utterly in vain.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Jan. 29.

If it were the case in literature as in politics, that transient success justifies any attempt, however rash and unprincipled, M. Alexandre Dumas might possibly be excused for the sacrilege he has just committed. Had he simply written a drama, founded on the immortal trilogy of Æschylus—had he even, better inspired, contented himself with giving a paraphrase of the "Electra" of Sophocles or Euripides—we would not have felt disposed to quarrel with him. But when we find a clever *feuilletoniste* so blinded by vanity as to intimate to the public, by a long series of puffs, proclaiming that he is about to give them an idea of one of the master-pieces of the "father of tragedy," and presumptuously dedicating "an people"—and when, moreover, owing to the "caw me caw thee" feeling which pervades the French press, we find this arrant piece of gasconade enlarded as a work of merit—it is a duty to pluck the lion's skin from the donkey's limbs, and set it in its proper light.

The *Orestie* is divided into three acts, each of which corresponds to one of the tragedies which forms the Agamemnonian trilogy. The plot of the Greek tragic is closely followed; but the means by which Æschylus struck the thousands assembled in the Temple of Bacchus dumb with terror are cut down to the level of M. Alexandre Dumas's works of the present day. No one who is acquainted with his drama of the "Tour de Nesle" would for one moment imagine that the same hand had penned the feeble scenes in which Agamemnon, Cassandra, Ægisthus, and Clytemnestra are murdered—in which Orestes, driven to distraction by the serpent-whips of the Furies, rushes frantically for protection to Apollo and Minerva. The aspect of the Eumenides of Æschylus, if we are to believe report, killed people with fright; the Eumenides of Alexandre Dumas send their spectators to sleep.

The first act is unquestionably the best. Though immeasurably inferior to its prototype, the versification is good, and the original being very closely followed, the effect is striking. But in the very first fifty lines, the *gascon* spirit of the author leads him to "improve" the soliloquy of the old slave placed on the watch-tower to discover the fiery signal which, kindled on the summit of Ida, and repeated along the Thracian mountains, is to communicate the fall of Troy to Argos. M. Dumas finding it too short, lengthens it by a confidential nambly-pambyism touching his wife and child! *En revanche* he suppresses the dark mysterious hints of the old servant of Clytemnestra's infidelity; and the noble chorus which follows, *Διότι τοις θεοῖς ἔστιν ἡδύτατον, &c.*, which embraces 225 lines, is disposed of in forty! This is, in fact, a fair specimen of the mode in which M. Dumas gives the "people" an idea of Æschylus. The noble scene between the Chorus, Ægisthus, and Clytemnestra, after the murder of Agamemnon and Cassandra, is also dealt with in about a dozen lines. The mode in which the author of the *Orestie* treats the anapests of Æschylus may be judged of by the following specimen:—

LE CHEUR.  
Entendez vous, amis, ce cri funeste?  
ELECTRE  
(Sur la terrasse et apportant le jeune Oreste).  
Vieillards, au nom des Dieux, vieillards, sauvez Oreste.  
LE CHEUR.  
Atride?  
ELECTRE.  
Est mort!  
LE VIEILLARD.  
Fuyons!  
LE CHEUR.  
Par les Dieux réservé,  
Oreste vengera son père.  
ELECTRE (tombant à genoux).  
Il est sauvé!

Your classic readers will remember that the most striking portion of the "Agamemnon" in the original is that part in which Clytemnestra and her paramour are reproached with the foul deed in "terms not meet for kindly ears." Clytemnestra is called *χάρις πλάσμα* and *ἡὲν ἰχθυόειον*—a pestilence for her country, and a blot in the eyes of the Gods. Perhaps M. Dumas's reason for leaving out the most salient passages was his dread of penning any phrase which the quick wit of his audience might apply to another wearer of the Imperial purple. The "Choephorai," which forms the second act of the *Orestie*, has but one salient feature—the murder of Clytemnestra and Ægisthus by Orestes. Opinions are much divided as to the merits of the Greek drama; but all who have witnessed or read M. Dumas's arrangement of it are one and all unanimous in condemning it, as the most *ennuyeux* specimen

of a melodrama ever witnessed at the Boulevard du Crime. In the "Eumenides" of Æschylus, the great effect produced by the furies arose from their numbers—their uncouth and terrible aspect. M. Dumas—more familiar, doubtless, with tradition than with Æschylus—only brings three upon the stage; and these three bad imitations of the witches in Macbeth. Too tame to produce any feeling akin to terror, and yet not sufficiently grotesque to excite laughter, these common-place *Egines* may be said to have decided the doom of *L'Orestie*, which, after a lingering existence of some ten days, has already vanished to the gloomy realms

Quò plus Æneas, quò dives Tullus, et Ancus.

After this melancholy fate, it is amusing to read the postscript, M. Dumas has affixed to the first and last edition of the play—"My thanks to the artistes, who, after having made a success for me, forced me to share in the applause solely due to them." This is dated January 5th. Three weeks after, the piece was as completely forgotten as though it had never existed. The lesson has been a severe one—it is to be hoped that M. Dumas will profit by it, and that the next time he mounts for a faray he will prudently abstain from touching the Greeks.

The taste for rare old editions, valuable bindings, and autographs, was never more rampant in Paris than at present. A receipt for 410*fr.* received from the court treasurer, as the amount disbursed for food and the hire of a room for five days, when the King's performers were playing at St. Germain, was offered for sale a few days ago at the Salle St. Sylvestre. It was signed "J. B. Molière"—and fetched 22*fr.* The manuscript of Lafontaine's fable "L'huître et les plaideurs" was knocked down at 18*fr.* St. Charles Borromeo, the Milanese saint, is not prized so highly as either the dramatist or the fabulist—a letter from this holy personage to one of his curates bringing only 190*fr.* Royal autographs are appreciated at their proper value. A letter of Louis XIII., at the same sale, was disposed of for 20*fr.* 50 centimes; while one written by the Grand Monarque himself changed hands for thirty.

1855 has been remarkable for other things besides the Exhibition and the fall of Sebastopol—having been what Sam Slick would call the "book-producingest" of its forty-four predecessors—the number of publications during the twelve months ended on the 1st of January 1856 being 12,197, which may be subdivided as follows:—Books, 8235—of these how many will find their way to the *Utica* or *Ilerda* of modern bookdom; musical works, 1105; and 2857 engravings, prints, &c. During the last forty-four years and two months, i.e., from the 1st of November 1811, to the 31st December 1855, 336,868 publications issued from the French press. Of this number 271,994 were books; 47,125 engravings; and 17,449 were musical works.

A literary celebrity in the days of the Restoration, the Viscount d'Arincourt, was carried a few days ago to his last abode. If the testimony of the papers of 1820 or thereabouts is to be relied on, the Viscount was quite a literary lion. His claims to reputation rested at that time *soi disant* in *Le Solitaire*, a work whose dullness was only equalled by its pretensions and the affected pomposity of its style; but the real cause of his popularity was unquestionably the patronage of the Duchess de Berri, with whom he was a great favourite, and whose tradesmen forthwith produced a number of articles for the toilette called after the hero of M. d'Arincourt's novel. Thus combs, dresses, and pomatums, *au Solitaire*, were for a time the ruling fashion among the upper classes; and the plebeians, who should have known better, fell into the same mistake. The Revolution of July, however, proved an extinguisher for the literary reputation of the Viscount, while at the same time it blasted his prospects of preferment by place. He therefore wrote several works, the very names of which are now forgotten. One play, however, which was as unsuccessful as the rest, has escaped from oblivion rather singularly. The title and subject was the "Siege of Paris," the besiegers being the Normans. It was given at the Odéon, and one line, which was caught up by the hostile youths who form the majority of the audience here, has saved the title of the play from the *débacle* of the remainder. One of the *dramatis personæ* was made to say—

Vers Paris il s'avance avec vingt-mille Francs!

i.e., he is marching towards Paris with twenty thousand "Francs." This *item sonans* brought down an Homeric roar; and though the piece was, like its predecessors, sent to its *quietus*, the "vingt-mille francs du Vicomte d'Arincourt" are to this day a standing joke in the classic purlieus of the Odéon. It was of the Vicomte that the story was told that he observed with suspicion that his wife always kept a closet in her bedroom scrupulously locked in his presence, and never allowed him to enter it. One day, however, he insisted on being let in, and at length broke the door open. The closet was filled with complete collections of his works, which the Viscountess had been buying up at the publishers', in order to lead her husband to indulge in an illusion that he was a successful author. From the day it was dispelled M. d'Arincourt became an altered man. If he wrote, he at least never published anything after that fatal day; and the bitter disappointment caused by this un-

expected discovery never ceased to prey upon his mind to the hour of his death. What the French call a *solennité littéraire* is to take place to-morrow night at M. Emile de Girardin's, the Editor of *La Presse*. Mme. Allan, of the Français, is to read there a comedy of Mme. George Sand—not an original production, but what to all Englishmen makes it far more interesting, a translation of Shakspeare's *As you like it*. The French title is "Comme il vous plaira." Great curiosity is expressed by all the literary world as to the success of this experiment, the result of which you will in all probability learn in my next communication.

This is the great season for Paris gaieties of a particular kind—the Carnival balls at the Opera and various other places, of a less *distingué* character, being in full vogue. Those fast foreigners who desire to make acquaintance with Paris in undress generally hire a coach for the night and take a general tour of those places of amusement in which the most perfect freedom prevails short of actual indecency—decorum being strictly imposed by inspectors of police (!) whose vigilance is kept pretty well on the *qui vive*, to preserve order among the ladies and gentlemen who form the Terpsichorean corps. The admission to some of the most amusing of these fancy *bals* is, gentlemen, from four sous (2d.) to half a franc (5d.), ladies gratis. The latter, it is unnecessary to state, are by no means of the most refined orders; for fish-women and other vendors from the Halle, with flower-girls, washerwomen, and various professionals of this laborious description, make up the great majority, among whom, strange to say, are to be found the prettiest of pretty faces, and fine healthy-looking girls. In all the villages round Paris are large washing establishments; and rash, indeed, would be the proprietor who dare breathe a hint of refusing permission to his workwomen to enjoy this great annual saturnalia. These nymphs of the tub dress smartly, and decidedly carry off the prize of beauty from their neighbours. The male portion of the company is inferior in appearance, being mostly composed of masons, water-carriers, and others of the labouring population; but what strikes the stranger most particularly in these places is the perfect good-humour invariably displayed, and also the innate love of dancing which seems to animate the entire assemblage. The language and manners are, of course, the very reverse of what is to be met in the saloons of the Faubourg St. Germain; but many of these women exhibit a natural grace in their dancing which would not disgrace any ball-room in Paris or London. These balls are, it is to be understood, of the commonest class. As you go a little higher in the prices of admission, you find much more elegance of exterior, but less enjoyment, less good looks, and less order; the ladies being composed of the lower orders of shopwomen, milliners' girls, servants out of place, &c., with a promiscuous mixture of something worse. Here the police in attendance find frequent occasion for interference for the preservation of decorum; but it is at the better or better-dressed assemblies of this description that the aid of these monitors is most frequently required—those at which the admission is two francs. At these the law and medical students, and hundreds of young fellows who run up from the provinces to enjoy a spree at the Carnival, figure in all their glory. Their partners are composed, for the most part, of *grisettes*, who form so large a portion of the female population of Paris—for a description of whom, with their way of life, I must refer you to the pages of Paul de Kock or Eugène Sue, who have devoted volumes to the history of this extraordinary race, which could never exist in any city but *insouciant*, extravagant Paris. This brings us to the highest on the list—the *Bals Masqués* of the Grand Opera, which take place once a week during the Carnival, that is to say, from Christmas to the beginning of Lent. The doors open rather before midnight, and the admission is ten francs for gentlemen and ladies; for the latter, however, the price is merely nominal, the tickets being delivered gratis to all fair applicants who hire or purchase costumes or masks, without which no female is admissible. The scene here is very splendid, the immense stage and pit of the Opera House forming the ball-room, brilliantly lighted, and decorated with all the taste and skill the French know so well how to display in this kind of thing. The quiet visitors tranquilly take their seats in the boxes as simple spectators of the fun, which commences about one in the morning. An orchestra of 200 musicians, conducted by Strauss, speedily sets the crowd in motion, and the motley assemblage, once in movement—with costumes of every colour and fashion, from the time of François I.—forms one of the most curious and striking scenes possible to imagine. Many of these dresses are extremely rich; and in the same group may be seen peers of Charlemagne, knights of the Crusades, peasants, sailors, postillions *vis-à-vis* with poissards, dames of the *vieille cour*, soubrettes, pages, nuns, and, in short, every contrast that fancy can form of the burlesque. This does not in the least interfere with the picturesque effect of the moving masses, which, set off by the lights and brilliancy of the entire scene, presents a *coup-d'œil* never to be forgotten. About two o'clock the hour of supper arrives, after which the politeness and order which prevails in the earlier part of the night is somewhat lost sight of, and here and there the remonstrances of police authority be-

come necessary to restrain exuberant gaiety within the limits of propriety. But, considering the immense crowd, not less than 4000 persons on an average, and the unavoidable melange of society, these little breaches of decorum are wonderfully few; and a visit to a *bals masqué* at the opera does not lessen the good opinion entertained by foreigners of the Parisian character, seen, as I have said before, in complete *deshabille*. Unfortunately this amusement is pursued by numbers to an imprudent excess—it being a notorious fact that the money drawn from the savings banks by the working-classes during the time of carnival frequently absorbs the hard-earned economies of the preceding year; and in the Quartier Latin, as the vicinity of the Sorbonne is commonly called, where the students chiefly reside, the trade of the pawnbroker is particularly flourishing about this period; for these young gentlemen and their *protégées* are among the warmest patrons of the amusements of the Carnival. To this class the *bals masqués* are chiefly indebted for whatever fun they exhibit, some of their disguises being laughable in the extreme. The operator, in what is called the "ceremony" in Molière's "Malade Imaginaire," is a very favourite character on these occasions, the practitioners being provided with every utensil necessary for the delicate operation to which Monsieur Argan has such a terrible objection. At the last ball the scene was enlivened by a procession of not less than a dozen of these same practitioners, whose offers of service on all sides and to both sexes were productive of roars of laughter and applause. In this group were some of the younger members of families of high eminence, particularly distinguished for lofty puritanism of manners and morals both in public and private life. So much for the Carnival of 1856.

The theatres, which have been prospering beyond example during the National Exposition without the trouble or expense of producing novelty, have suddenly been frightened into activity by the apparition of empty benches which immediately succeeded the close of the Palais de l'Industrie, and have been making up for deficiency in this way with prodigious alacrity. I give you a catalogue of their proceedings for the last fortnight, commencing with the Grand Opera, which, having lost Mlle. Cruvelli (now Mme. de Vigier and a baroness, thus contradicting the paltry malevolence which disgraces a small part of the press in Paris and elsewhere) and with her Verdi's last opera, *Les Vêpres*, which had been the standing attraction for the last few months, has brought forward a ballet, called *Le Corsaire*. From the title of the piece and names of some of the characters, the author would seem to have taken the subject of Byron's charming poem. But, alas! the noble poet's "Corsair" is a sealed volume to M. St. Georges, for a more commonplace wretched travesty of a beautiful subject never was seen. It reminds one of seeing one of Shakspeare's plays turned into an equestrian piece at Astley's. After sundry dances Conrad and Medora make their escape from the harem of some terrible Pasha, who holds them in durance. They embark on board a vessel, which is unluckily overtaken by a tempest, by which they are all "in the deep bosom of the ocean buried." The storm at sea and sinking of the ship was effective; but we have all seen such things better done in London, at Covent Garden under Mr. Macready, and even at the Adelphi and Sadlers' Wells theatres. It was, however, vastly applauded; but the only thing the piece contains to be admired is the exquisite grace and elegance of Mlle. Rosati's dancing and pantomime. All the rest was leather and prunello. At the Français we have had an inoffensive little affair called *Les pièges dorés*, showing the danger of gambling in the stocks. It obtained what they call here a *succès d'estime*, a civil way of saying it was half d—d. The acting was charming. Our old friend, the Fat Knight, has been barbarously made the hero of an operetta, at the Lyrique Theatre. Poor Falstaff is caricatured into something like the clown of a Christmas pantomime, and one of the dullest clowns ever seen. Herman Léon did his best, but to laugh was impossible. Some tolerable music by A. Adam was worthy a better theme, but could not save a piece so intrinsically bad from perdition. M. St. Georges was here again the delinquent. He has done many clever things, but he should really let English subjects alone. The Vaudeville has come out in great force in the style peculiarly its own; for a piece upon sentimental adultery the Vaudeville has many imitators, but no rival. Its present triumph is a little drama called *Lucie Didier*, in which the heroine, who is most devotedly attached to her husband, discovers that he has been guilty of a crime which places his life in danger, and if revealed would bring him to the scaffold. The secret is as yet confined to one, but that one is a villain, who threatens to disclose it, except on one condition. That condition may easily be guessed; he has long been enamoured of Lucie, and gives her to choose between the sacrifice of her husband's life or her own honour. After a fearful struggle, she resolves to save her husband. Didier discovers his dishonour, but is ignorant of the cause, or of who it is that has wronged him, which not all his bitter reproaches can force his wretched wife to disclose, and she finally dies of a broken heart. This is a strange little piece; but its effect upon the stage is resistless, and more

tears fall over the fate of the devoted broken-hearted wife, than at all the tragedies that ever were acted. These are the chief novelties of the day; but there are a host of minor pieces, most of which will have passed away and been forgotten before the end of the month—they are not worth describing.

## ITALY.

### THEODORE DE WITT.

MUSICAL art and science have suffered a severe loss in the demise of Theodore de Witt. This highly-gifted young man closed a period of nine years' suffering on the 1st of December last, at the age of thirty-two; the immediate cause of his death being a violent attack of gastric fever, from the weakening effects of which he was unable to rally. In Rome, where he had taken his place as a musician of the first rank, looked up to with enthusiasm alike by Germans and Italians, his removal from the scene where he played so distinguished a part will long be painfully felt; whilst in the private circles which he adorned by his eminent talents and engaging qualities of heart and mind, his loss will ever be looked upon as irreparable.

As a performer he was of first-rate excellence, uniting all that modern "virtuosity" now brings to bear upon pianoforte playing—a powerful and brilliant execution with that exquisite tenderness and refinement of feeling, arising from the inmost depths of the soul, which nature herself confers upon the child of genius, and without which all else is merely mechanical.

His own compositions, chiefly vocal and of a sacred character, bear testimony to the profound scientific knowledge which he possessed, and which with him was ever a means to the attainment of an end; his complete mastery over harmony and counterpoint enabling him to express every emotion of the soul in the language most congenial to it.

Theodore de Witt, besides being the object of warm affection and admiration to those who had the good fortune to know him personally, will become hereafter of interest and importance to the world at large as the editor of the *Motets* of Palestrina. He had, indeed, planned an edition of the entire works of this great master, for which he had collected nearly all the materials; but his failing health, and the discouragements he met with, warned him to restrict his labours. He confined himself, therefore, to six volumes of motets, which are all carefully copied from the first editions and compared with subsequent ones, are put in score by his own hand, and enriched with all the marks of expression derived from his own personal observation of the performances in the Sixtine Chapel, where all that belongs to the mode of execution is traditional and handed down from the time of Palestrina to the present day, but does not exist either in the printed copies or written manuscripts of that great composer himself. Respecting this work we shall at a future period say more. For the present it is sufficient to state that this projected edition was, at the suggestion of English friends, who believed that all great undertakings could not but prosper in England, offered to Mr. Novello, who consented indeed to publish it, but on less unfavourable terms. Mr. J. F. Heckel, of Mannheim, hearing accidentally from a mutual friend of M. de Witt's intention, immediately addressed a letter to him, offering, in the most flattering terms, to undertake the publication of the work, which he felt would "reflect honour upon himself," and requiring only that a sufficient number of subscribers should be insured to guarantee him against loss.

Some brief notice of a life, short as to time, but rich in its results, may not be without interest even to English readers.

Theodore de Witt was born at Wesel, on the Lower Rhine, on the 9th Nov. 1823. He was lineally descended from one of the great Dutch statesmen of that name, and had in his possession a medal, representing on one side two men torn in pieces by wild beasts, and on the other bearing as a motto that line of Horace quoted by John de Witt on the rack.

As a child he must have been remarkable for great personal beauty. It is still remembered in Wesel that he appeared at the age of five years in the character of an angel, with golden wings, in the procession on Corpus Domini day. He was very early distinguished by his musical talents, and received his first instruction from his father, still living in Wesel, as organist and teacher of music. At seven years old he performed for the first time in a public concert, where, sitting behind the instrument, he was hidden from the eyes of the audience, who sought in vain to discover whence proceeded the world of sounds which delighted them, till at length a pair of small feet were seen hanging down under the piano. This called forth a tumult of applause; and, after the performance was over, the little De Witt was dragged down amongst the audience to receive praises and caresses. At eleven years of age he gave a concert in his own name, playing a piece which required extraordinary execution. From that time he played constantly in public, often at sight, and almost always without knowing beforehand what he was to be called



upon to perform. He had a pleasing soprano voice, and sang with unflinching correctness. In the singing societies the ladies vied with one another which should have the young De Witt near her, to be guided by his precision. At school he was remarkable for his capacity for learning, and equally so for his love of amusement. His schoolfellows delighted to be trained by him to sing in parts; and, amongst many anecdotes which he related of the playful incidents to which this instruction gave rise, we may mention that of an usher, who, being very unpopular with the boys, was one day received with a full chorus of laughter as he entered the school-room, the voices having been systematically arranged in parts for that purpose by the future editor of *Paestrina*, whose intuitive love of harmony showed itself even then.

Something quite extraordinary was his early developed feeling for counterpoint. He voluntarily occupied himself, as a child, with this species of composition, selecting some air which he arranged, unassisted and from pure instinct, for several voices. One of these childish compositions, being shown by his father to a professional musician, excited in him such astonishment, that he found it impossible to believe the boy had written it unaided. He was put to the test by being shut up alone in a room with a given subject, which he was desired to arrange. The task was performed in an incredibly short space of time, and in a manner which dispelled all doubts. De Witt asserted that he has often been himself astonished at these juvenile productions, which he could not have surpassed in correctness in after years when he had made counterpoint the subject of especial study.

At the age of seventeen he went to Berlin with the view of devoting himself to the practical and theoretical study of music. Without friends or resources of any kind, he had incredible difficulties to struggle with. Striving himself earnestly to obtain instruction, he was thrown upon the hard necessity of giving it where he could for a most scanty pittance, in order to procure the means of subsistence. Even the extreme youthfulness and ingenuousness of his appearance stood in his way. He had at length succeeded in obtaining a recommendation to a lady who had daughters requiring instruction on the piano. On being announced as the intended music-master, the young ladies burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, and ran out of the room. He heard whispering and giggling in the adjoining apartment, and tones of remonstrance from an older person. Shortly after, the mother entered the room, but, upon seeing him herself, surveyed him with a look of lofty disdain, and dismissed him at once, saying there must be some mistake, he could not possibly be the teacher recommended for her daughters. He often spoke in after life of these struggles, and of the feeling of utter isolation and despair which came upon him, alone and unfriended in the great city. To procure the means of purchasing books necessary for his studies, he often went without dinner. After some time he succeeded in obtaining lessons in counterpoint from Professor Dehn, who, however, though himself in easy circumstances, and who might have felt pride in being able to assist a young aspirant of such unusual promise, did not scruple to receive from De Witt two thalers for each lesson, a sum earned by the severest privations and sacrifices. In these times he was even called upon to compose for others; and it is a fact that, later in his career, several of his productions were actually laid before the then minister Eichhorn under the name of another, who received no inconsiderable payment for them, whilst De Witt himself was remunerated with a mere trifle. At this period of his life, burning with enthusiasm for everything great and excellent, Felix Mendelssohn, then in the zenith of his fame, was the god of his idolatry. To be admitted within his sphere, to hear him play, to receive perhaps aid and counsel from him, was the fondest dream of his ambition.

A friend of De Witt's family, an officer of high rank, who was upon intimate terms with Mendelssohn, gave an introduction, and strongly recommended the gifted youth to his notice. He presented himself at Mendelssohn's house, where he was long kept waiting in the ante-room, was at length received with coldness, his ardent desire to enter upon the musical career without pecuniary means or the support of friends treated with ridicule and scorn, and his modest request to be admitted to a rehearsal of one of Mendelssohn's oratorios flatly refused. He was, however, requested to seat himself at the piano, and some words of commendation were bestowed upon him; but he left the house deeply discouraged, and made no attempt at further intercourse. Long after, when De Witt had, unassisted, save by his own genius, pushed his way into celebrity, even in Berlin, and was overtaken by sickness, Mendelssohn, regretting, probably, the harshness with which he had treated him, sent to inquire after his health. The painful impression of the past could not, however, be effaced.

Seeing that no help was to be obtained from others, he now applied himself seriously to becoming his own teacher. He had the good fortune to hear Liszt play, and this great performer showed him kindness and consideration, and even volunteered to give him lessons, an offer which De Witt's modesty prevented him from accepting.

He devoted himself for many months to the exclusive practising of finger exercises, by means of

which he acquired perfect command over the piano, and gradually arrived at that degree of admirable execution which, combined as it was with deep and passionate expression, procured for him, years afterwards, in Rome, where his performance was the astonishment and delight of Italian musicians, the title of "The second Mendelssohn." In addition to these severe studies, he had also the heavy tribute to pay which often falls to the lot of young musicians, that of being invited, without remuneration, to appear in late evening parties for the amusement of others. He often had to wade through the snow for miles after midnight, in returning home, and yet, early in the morning, to be seated, before it was light, by the piano of some pupil. Such unremitting struggles and difficulties could not be without effect on his physical constitution. One night, after he was in bed, he suddenly burst a blood-vessel. Unable to speak or rise, he lay utterly helpless. The companion who shared his room came home from a ball in a state of intoxication, and, disturbed by the convulsive movements of the poor invalid, threw himself across his body, where he lay the whole night. The next morning the girl of the house, entering, found him drenched in blood. A physician was called, who, in De Witt's hearing, declared that he would speedily die. As soon as he could be removed he returned home to his parents in Wesel, but, unable to endure society, he took up his residence in a solitary country-house with no other companion than a faithful dog. Here he remained for several months, and returned the following year to Berlin in recruited health, resuming his studies with redoubled zeal.

He was now rising into fame, both as a performer and composer. The study of harmony and counterpoint, however, absorbed his whole time and thoughts. He wrote fugues by day and dreamt them by night, regardless of the increasing exhaustion which such incessant application brought with it, till one morning, just as he was about to complete one of these compositions, Nature gave way beneath the long, continued over-excitement, and he fell senseless to the ground, lay for six weeks with brain fever in an all but hopeless state, and from that hour till his death, nine years afterwards, never enjoyed a day's health. After some time he was sent to Horigsdorf, a small bathing-place on the north coast, where he recruited somewhat. He came, here, in contact with various persons of talent, to whom his own gifts made him highly acceptable. The poet Geibel composed songs, which De Witt set to music, and which were sung both in public and private. In connection with these performances he related a touching anecdote. A concert was to take place for the benefit of a poor girl, whose father had no means of supporting his family, and who wished to apprentice herself to a dress-maker. De Witt was called upon to play. On the morning of this day he took a solitary walk along the sea-shore. The wind blew violently, and he beheld a fisherman's boat struggling with the waves; another moment and the boat was upset, and the unfortunate man, after vainly endeavouring to reach the land, was drowned before his eyes. He returned deeply agitated by this tragical occurrence. The emotion thus excited made itself felt in the performance of that evening. Those who heard him were electrified by the expression of soul which poured itself out in every tone. The following day he learnt that the unhappy fisherman whom he had seen perish was the father of the poor girl in whose behalf the concert was given.

Returned again to Berlin, he once more resumed his studies; but they were now often interrupted by the insidious advances of disease. His fever assumed an intermittent character, and change of climate was considered necessary for him; but where were the means for procuring alleviation to be found? Amid the many disappointments and misfortunes of his life we mention with pleasure one redeeming circumstance, which materially influenced his fate and contributed to prolong his existence for several years. Meyerbeer, seeing accidentally one of De Witt's sacred compositions, which had just left the press, in Schlesinger's music-warehouse, was so much struck with the rare merit of the piece and the lofty aim which it indicated, that he immediately interested himself in the warmest manner for the young composer, recommended him to the favour of the King, and was the means of procuring him a year's salary for the journey to Rome, which was afterwards changed into a fixed stipendium of 400 scudi (80*l.*), and the commission to inquire into and collect sacred music for the royal library.

By this happy chance, all difficulties being removed, he set out for Rome, where he arrived in the autumn of 1850, and where he continued up to the period of his death, five years after. In the following spring he appeared to derive material advantage from his residence in the south, and hopes were entertained that the fever might be subdued. He once more occupied himself with composition, and on fine April mornings he might be seen seated on his little camp-stool, in the Pincian gardens, where he composed a Christmas cantata, which gradually assumed the form of a small oratorio, and in which the geniality and versatility of his character is well manifested. This production was some time afterwards performed in private circles, where it was received with unanimous applause. During this first winter

he composed, likewise, Psalms for three and four voices, during his walks in the Pincio, or sitting in the open air. These were sent to Germany for publication, where they are now sung in all the Rhenish musical societies, and enjoy great popularity, the composer himself never having heard them performed. It was a strict rule with him to compose entirely mentally, and refrain altogether from playing over what he was writing on the piano, till it was completed; and he severely deprecated the practice of composing at the instrument, which he said, in most instances, arose from ignorance or incapacity, or, at the best, produced a mere series of reminiscences, flowing, not from the mind, but from the fingers.

Soon after his arrival in Rome, the idea suggested itself to him of making a complete edition of *Paestrina*. With this object, as often as weather permitted, he went to the Sixtine Chapel to observe the mode of performance there, on every occasion when Palestrina's motets were sung, carefully noting down all peculiarities of execution on the written copies of the pieces which he took with him. The mode of execution in the Sixtine is for the most part traditional, and is guarded with jealous care. His attendance on these occasions was soon observed, and his appearance regarded with anything but eyes of favour by the singers themselves. More than once they contrived to frustrate his purpose by conveying false information as to what was to be sung. For five years he laboured unremittingly at this object; discouraged, indeed, at times, but never driven back from the pursuit of it. The failure with Mr. Novello, to whom the work was offered, has been already related. A few weeks only before his lamented death he had made final arrangements with Mr. Heckel, of Mannheim, for the publication of the six volumes of motets; and three days before he died arrived the long and anxiously waited intelligence from Berlin that his Majesty the King of Prussia would take fifty copies of his work for the royal libraries. This news was communicated to him by his friends, in the hope that it would reanimate him to new life; but, alas! in vain. He answered only "It is too late."

During the time that he resided in Rome he exercised a decided influence upon the Italian musicians of that city. They looked up to him with wondering enthusiasm, and it was interesting to see men with grey heads and mature experience submitting to be guided by him with undoubting confidence. He undertook at one time to superintend the practising of Haydn's quartets for stringed instruments, the musicians meeting once a week at his own house. Besides this, a complete orchestra was formed for the performance of Beethoven's symphonies. Italian musicians are beginning to understand and relish instrumental music of the highest order, and under such guidance as De Witt's salutary change might have been wrought upon public taste in Rome, where it is at present in a notoriously degraded state. All these plans were gradually abandoned, however, in consequence of his increasing ill-health.

Of his own compositions it may here suffice to say, that though, owing to the great difficulty he had in satisfying himself, they are not considerable in number, they contain gems of first-rate excellence.

His sacred songs are highly characteristic of his peculiar mind. They are simple in the extreme, but expressive of a deep and earnest piety, uttered in tones of the most touching pathos. The accompaniments, however subordinate, have yet a fullness and richness in the accords, which reveals a complete knowledge of harmony, and its resources. He employed frequently new and unexpected modulations, which lent a character of great originality to his compositions, and gave a novelty and variety to the most simple melody.

Though himself the avowed disciple of the classical school of music, and having the highest standard of excellence even in that, he was far superior to the narrowness of a subjective view of art. He acknowledged with generous warmth the merits of the Romanticists, and his ill success with Mendelssohn never prevented him from rendering full justice to his works, and performing them with fervour and enthusiasm. Beethoven and Mozart's trios and quartets, with De Witt's inspired accompaniment on the piano, are well known to the Roman world. The genius of these great masters called forth all the kindred energies of his poet-soul. But most of all he delighted in the performance of Sebastian Bach's noble fugues, which had been the object of his especial study, and in the execution of which he himself said, with the frank simplicity characteristic of true genius, "that it would not be easy for another musician to surpass him." These difficult and complicated compositions became clear and manifest by aid of his interpretation. He understood so perfectly the art of bringing out the theme in the different voices, that, except in the most intricate of them, even an uncultivated ear was able to distinguish and appreciate the intention of the composer.

Nowhere does the mind of the creative musician address itself so immediately, and with so powerful an intellectual expression, to the understanding of the listener as in these noble compositions. De Witt declared that in performing them he imagined he heard some heroic personage discoursing a great theme, asserting the rights or bewailing the lot of humanity; whilst those who had the good fortune to

be admitted to his performance of such pieces fancied they heard the tones of the human voice addressing and appealing to them. Of one fugue in particular, grand and pathetic, in E flat minor, he said, "It is conceived in the genuine spirit of antiquity. I see Antigone before me when I play it."

His long and trying illness had less effect upon his personal character than might have been expected. Though at times much depressed and discouraged, he was, generally speaking, cheerful and serene, often indeed mirthful. In society he was ever the central point of attraction, since not only his distinguished musical talents but his general mental cultivation, engaging demeanour, and bright and playful wit, made him the delight of all who knew him. An English poetess well known to fame exclaimed, on

seeing him enter the room, "He looks like spirituality itself." The union in his character of the spiritual and imaginative, with the strictly logical and practical, was indeed something rarely to be met with. He justified in their fullest sense the words of Johnson, "Genius is a mind of large general powers turned accidentally in some particular direction." Had De Witt not been a musician, he might have been equally well anything else. The leading feature of his moral character was the love of truth, and his perfect integrity showed itself even in the most trifling acts of his life. Candour and purity of mind beamed forth from his expressive eyes, the windows of the soul within, and inspired even from the first moment the confidence of all who saw him. He exercised, indeed, a kind of magnetic attraction upon those

who stood near him, and made a deep impression even upon persons who were brought in contact with him only during the last days of his existence.

As an artist, he was considered by those capable of judging as the most perfect specimen of his class. He combined the entire mastery over the practice and technical resources of his divine art, with a profound knowledge and understanding of its principles, and presented in his own person one of the first examples of that development of human intellect, than which none is higher—"Der Künstler mit Bewusstsein"—The artist with consciousness.

P.S.—Since the above was written, Heckel the Mannheim publisher, has announced his determination to go on with the publication of the Motets, for the benefit of De Witt's parents.

## SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

### SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

#### THE FORTNIGHT.

THE iron industry of Great Britain rests upon her mineral resources, her geographical position, and the manufacturing and commercial activity of the community. Great Britain is the largest producer, and, at the same time, the largest consumer and exporter of iron. A comparison made with other countries shows that, while this country produces annually 3,000,000 tons, the whole world besides only produces the same amount—France and the United States contributing to the general stock each 750,000 tons; Prussia, 300,000; Austria, 250,000; Belgium and Russia, each 200,000; Sweden, 150,000; various German States, 100,000; and other countries, about 300,000 tons. The iron ores may be divided into five great classes: 1, magnetic oxides; 2, anhydrous hematites; 3, crystalline carbonates, or sparose ores; 4, earthy and black-band carbonates; 5, hydrated hematites and brown iron ores. The first is found principally in the gneissose and other primary rocks; the second and third chiefly in the transition formations. These are the purest of iron ores, and exist in large quantities in other parts of the world, but not to any extent in Great Britain, and are usually situated remote from mineral fuel. The immense production of iron in Great Britain rests upon the almost inexhaustible supplies of mineral fuel, and secondly, in the abundance of ores of earthy or black-band carbonates, which in most of those coal fields are interstratified with this mineral fuel. The great portion of iron produced in this country is made in the three districts of South Wales, South Staffordshire and Scotland, and these favourable localities are most fully occupied; but in Ireland there exist immense deposits of clay carbonates of excellent quality, entirely unworked, probably from the absence of mineral fuel. And it is a very important subject for inquiry whether the peat with which the country abounds could not be advantageously applied, as was already the case in Bohemia. The entire subject was brought forward at the Society of Arts, by Mr. Kenyon Blackwell. The great point for consideration as regards British iron, in comparison with foreign, being quantity and cheapness, as against quality, the advantage which the foreign possessed; the best iron being produced by vegetable fuel, which this country did not possess. Great Britain, however, has the advantage not found in other countries of inexhaustible supplies of mineral fuel, and of iron ores, in immediate contiguity to each other. But there is no exclusive monopoly of the sources of production; the industrial energies of foreign countries were now directed to gaining accurate scientific knowledge; and if we expect to maintain our present position as the chief manufacturing country in the world, it can only be by the diffusion of this scientific knowledge more completely among our manufacturing population.

The name of Price, as connected with the Patent Candle Company, is simply, it would appear, a manufacturing myth, an illuminated *eidolon*—the real name of those to whom the company owes its existence being Wilson. One of the members lately gave some interesting information, in a paper read before the Society of Arts, on the various subjects connected with the manufacture. The first notification of fat or stearic candles was at Paris, in 1833, by Messrs. Motard and Milly. The first important move in this country in the manufacture of the now well-known composite candles, which are a mixture of stearic acid and neutral fat, was on the occasion of her Majesty's marriage in 1840, when a great quantity of self-snuffing candles were required for illumination. In 1842 the company patented the distillation of fat, previously acted on by sulphuric acid, or by nitrous gases; and also in 1844, for the use of diluted acid in the direct acidification of fats; and again in 1854 a patent for resolving neutral fat into glycerine and fat acids, and thus a body which was long looked upon as a nuisance was introduced into arts and medicine. Glycerine was first discovered by Scheele in 1789 as a product in the process of lead plaster-making. About

twenty-five years afterwards Chevreul, who may be considered the father of the science of candle-making, discovered that this was the base of fat and fat oils. Glycerine has been applied to burns and irritation of the skin; it has been used for preserving animal and vegetable substances and objects of natural history, in a great variety of medicinal preparations, and also as a substitute for cod-liver oil. There was a difficulty at first in purifying it. This has since been effected through the agency of heat and steam. It has been applied to photography. It is also proposed to use it for dissolving calculous deposits; and experiments are being made as to its fattening powers. These results from candle-making show that the time has already come when a well-organised laboratory will be considered a necessary element in the manufacture, and thus bring another branch of commerce within the sphere of scientific research.

The Past and Present Condition of the River Thames formed the subject of a paper read at the Institution of Civil Engineers. The cause of its present polluted condition was that it was made to serve both as a town sewer and a land drain. From the low level of many of the sewers the sewage was only carried away during a portion of the ebb-tide; but was brought back during the whole period of the flood-tide. All the plans that had been proposed for purifying the river had failed, from the enormous outlay required. Mr. Robinson, the author of the paper, proposes the following plan, which was at once simple and efficacious: this was to construct a chain of locks across the river at or near London-bridge; the locks to be provided with sluices, always allowing the passage of the natural current of the river. The locks to be closed for the first time at low tide, and all the impurities having once passed the dam would thus never return; the river would then be replenished with pure water, which, taking up the impurities, would carry them off in the same manner. The constant repetition of such a system would end in disposing of the present mud and filth, and render the Thames again, what it once had been, the pride of the country.

Col. Sykes read a paper "on the external commerce of British India" at the Statistical Society. The object was to ascertain whether that country could bear the drain of the East India Company's expenses. The exports from India were coffee, cotton, ivory, shawls, piece goods, raw silk, sugar, opium, spices, wool, &c. The imports, clothing, books, stationery, cotton and silk goods, drugs, jewellery, liquors, wines, and, lately, railway materials. In eight years, from 1834 to 1841, the aggregate of the import trade of India was 61,211,044*l.*, and of the exports, 108,052,293*l.* There were deductions to be made, but, after all deductions, there was still a balance in favour of India of 15,243,280*l.*; yet India absorbed a great quantity of bullion exported from this country. It was thought, however, although there was the balance of trade now in favour of India, that the construction of railways would render it one of equivalents, for the raw material imported from India is made up in England and thence exported to the gold-producing countries; so that the bullion exported to India is replaced by that imported from Australia and California.

It is an important fact that our laws are now being made the subject-matter of scientific investigation at the Juridical Society; and from a paper read there lately by Mr. Daniel, Q.C., it would appear that "change may be considered as an inherent necessity in every system of municipal law." On this fact being settled, the sooner our laws are brought to a standard with the age the better; the portions of law at present most requiring change were the law of testamentary jurisdiction, the law of divorce, and the law of debtor and creditor; and the means for influencing the necessary change in this country were direct and indirect—parliamentary means and the decisions of the judicature being the direct means; the indirect agents being an independent bar, the practice of conveyancing, the conduct of juries, the improved education of attorneys and solicitors, the proceedings of the various chambers of commerce, and last, though not the least, the public press.

Dr. Rae, through whose exertions the certainty of the fate of Sir J. Franklin and his party became

known, has claimed to be entitled to the reward of 10,000*l.* proclaimed and offered by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to any party or parties who, in their judgments, should, by virtue of his or their efforts, first succeed in ascertaining their fate. The adjudication will be made within three months of this claim being made, and all persons who, by virtue of such proclamation, may deem themselves entitled to the whole or any part of the reward in question, must prefer their claims within such time.

As pacification is now the order of the day, any warlike invention seems as if too late; but if the enemy finds that there is no relaxation in our preparations, this may more conduce to the ultimate peace result than all the chicanery of diplomacy. Mr. Dunn, a stationer, has invented a new mortar, which he styles a "Pacifier." The peculiarity is the material employed, which combines strength with a saving in the weight of metal, namely, charcoal iron wire, rolled flat, and coiled closely and exactly round an inner case gun. Ordinary malleable iron has three times the cohesive power of cast iron, and this charcoal wire twice the strength of malleable iron, and, consequently, six times the strength of cast iron. A gun or mortar constructed in this manner would be capable of bearing a much larger charge of powder with safety, and, consequently, of securing a longer range.

A paper was lately read by Professor Bache, before the American Scientific Association at Boston, on the rate at which waves travel. On the 28th Dec. 1854 an earthquake occurred at Samoda, in Nippon, Japan. The harbour was first emptied of water, and then came in an enormous wave. This occurred several times. The first wave arrived at San Francisco, 4800 miles distant, twelve hours and sixteen minutes after it had receded from the harbour of Samoda, having travelled across the broad bosom of the Pacific at the rate of six miles and a half a minute.

### MEETINGS OF SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.

#### FEBRUARY.

1. Royal Institution. 8 p.m.—Professor Tyndall, F.R.S., "On the Disposition of Force in Paramagnetic and Diamagnetic Bodies."—Botanical. 8 p.m.
2. Asiatic. 2 p.m.—Medical. 8 p.m.—Royal Institution. 3 p.m.—Professor Odling, "On Organic Chemistry."
3. Entomological. 8 p.m.—Chemical. 6 p.m.
4. Linnean. 8 p.m.—Civil Engineers. 8 p.m.—Pathological. 8 p.m.—Royal Institution. 3 p.m.—Professor T. H. Huxley, F.R.S., "On Physiology and Comparative Anatomy."
5. Geological. 8 p.m.—Pharmaceutical. 8 p.m.
6. Royal. 8 p.m.—Antiquaries. 8 p.m.—Photographic. 8 p.m.—Zoological. 3 p.m.—Royal Institution. 3 p.m.—Professor Tyndall, "On Light."
7. Astronomical. 8 p.m.—Philological. 8 p.m.—Royal Institution. 8 p.m.—Professor T. H. Huxley, F.R.S., "On Natural History, as a source of Knowledge, Discipline, and Power."
8. Medical. 8 p.m.—Royal Botanic. 3½ p.m.—Royal Institution. 3 p.m.—Professor Odling, "On Organic Chemistry."
9. Geographical. 8½ p.m.—British Architects. 8 p.m.
10. Medical and Chirurgical. 8½ p.m.—Civil Engineers. 8 p.m.—Zoological. 9 p.m.—Syrro-Egyptian. 7½ p.m.—Royal Institution. 3 p.m.—Professor T. H. Huxley, "On Physiology and Comparative Anatomy."
11. Society of Arts. 8 p.m.—Mr. Henry Chance, "On the Manufacture of Crown and Sheet Glass."—Graphic. 8 p.m.—Literary Fund. 3 p.m.—Royal Society of Literature. 8 p.m.
12. Royal. 8½ p.m.—Antiquaries. 8 p.m.—Royal Institution. 3 p.m.—Professor Tyndall, F.R.S., "On Light."

### ARCHÆOLOGICAL SCIENCE.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

Rome, Jan. 24, 1856.

At the now insignificant little town of Palestrina (Preneste) has lately been discovered, below the superincumbent soil, a necropolis containing various tombs, some believed to be of primeval antiquity, others most interesting from the nature of the objects found in them. As at Cervetri (Core), these tombs appear to have been originally below the level of the



soil, and covered with a column or pine-cone, to mark the sepulchral spot above. In one, of different form from all the rest, have been found many curious relics of archaic art, stiff and angular in design, oriental in character—gold, silver, ivory, and brass being the material of these figures and utensils, which the archaeologists who have visited the spot (Marchi, Campana and others) have referred to an antiquity higher than that of Rome. In other tombs are mirrors, combs, capsules, (not, a writer reporting on the subject declares, the mystic "cisti" for sacred uses), and in all, save the first-named, specimens of the *as rude*. To these is ascribed the age of the fourth century of Rome, or, at latest, the century following. At Cervetri has also been made, recently, a very valuable discovery, through the excavations carried on by the Marquis Campana—a tomb rich in objects of early art, where the Egyptian, Ninevite and Babylonian characteristics are said to have been recognised by the learned. And, besides the above-named necropolis, another archæologic interest has been added to the picturesquely situated successor of the ancient Præneste (a town visible in clear weather from Rome), by the restoration of the celebrated mosaic supposed to have been placed in the splendid Temple of Fortune here, and to be identical with that mentioned by Pliny as the great ornament of the Præneste sanctuary. This restoration, begun by the late Prince Barberini three years ago, has been completed under the auspices of his son, by the Chevalier Azzurri, Professor of Architecture at the Academy of St. Luke's. It had been entirely removed, divided into twenty-seven compartments, and with a very careful process of packing so secured as to be transferred, free from injury, to Rome, where two mosaicists, formerly attached to the great establishment of their art in the Vatican, accomplished the restoration in a villa belonging to Prince Barberini on the Janiculum Hill. The whole, when completed, was carried back to the rather dilapidated and gloomy mansion (also of Barberini property) at Palestrina—not to be replaced, however, in the damp obscure closet on the ground-floor where it had formerly been exhibited, but in a large, well-lighted hall above, where a Latin inscription, by Father Marchi, has been engraved on a tablet commemorating the restoration. It is curious how long and eagerly the dispute has been carried on between savans respecting the very subject of this mosaic: Kircher, who first proposed a theory explanatory, assumed its representation to be the vicissitudes of Fortune; Montfaucon and Nibley conjectured, a general picture of Egypt, its productions, arts, and manners. The principal figure, an heroic personage, standing under a species of pavilion before a temple, has been considered, severally, by the disputing judges, Alexander the Great, Sylla, Hadrian, Menelaus, and Augustus. It is even questioned, with provoking scepticism, whether the mosaic placed by Sylla in the Temple of Fortune be really the original from which these fragments have descended to us. The great majority of antiquarians have concluded affirmatively, but Nibley, Barthelemy, and Fea, negatively.

Within the walls of Rome a recent discovery has added to the sphere of archæologic studies here also: this consists of a portion of the wall of Servius Tullius, probably (it is conjectured) that of Ancus Martius likewise, carried along the slope of the Aventine, for connecting that hill with the external fortifications of the city. A report of this discovery was read by Visconti at a late session of the Roman Archaeological Academy; with mention of another antique object at the same time brought to light—a fragment of an *arval* table, referred to the time of Commodus. An honorary associate of this academy was the lately deceased Prince Corsini, whose death, at the age almost of ninety, was on the same occasion announced with accustomed panegyric.

## ARCHITECTURE.

### THE ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION.

A GENERAL view of this year's Architectural Exhibition leaves for its general impressions—1. That the classical styles maintain their ground: 2. That, of the various styles of Gothic, that of the early part of the fourteenth century appears to be firmly established as the style for modern imitation; we notice, perhaps, a little more striving after novel picturesque effects in the details, and a tendency to introduce loftiness of proportion and multicoloured apses, features borrowed from the continental buildings; and 3. The increased adoption of constructive polychrome in the exteriors of buildings is perhaps the most noticeable feature of the whole exhibition. It is, perhaps, as a consequence of this that we find a tendency towards Byzantine and Romanesque feeling. The treatment of brick-work in connection with this subject is receiving praiseworthy attention; but there is not that development of iron and glass as building materials which we might, perhaps, have expected.

To come to particulars, we have, among the most important designs, several of the competition drawings for the Oxford University Museum. No. 31 is Mr. E. M. Barry's classical design: a quadrangular building with Corinthian colonnaded portico, the order being continued round the building in

Corinthian pilasters; it has ornamental structures at the corners which support statues: and is an imposing design, of solid excellence. No. 32 is Mr. Barry's Gothic design for the same building: it is almost on the same ground-plan as the preceding; its style is of late French fifteenth century, very excellently carried out, with segmental arched windows, oriels, and a large porch; but many persons will doubt whether the idea of introducing the peculiar Burgundian style amidst the thoroughly English monuments of our great English University was quite a happy one. No. 50 is the Messrs. Papworth's design for the same building—a wide, low building, having only one story of windows, with Italian plasters and other ornamental features in a very severe style of design. No. 51 is Mr. Ellis's design—a quadrangular building, with circular projections at the angles, and a colonnaded portico of Corinthian columns, continued round the building in three-quarter attached columns; the central quadrangle is covered by a glass dome, at whose angles are four lofty turrets—a very striking and fine design. No. 95 is Mr. H. B. Garling's design for the same building, of legitimate Gothic; and No. 108, that of Messrs. W. Young and G. Morgan, also Gothic.

No. 4 is Mr. E. B. Barry's competition design for the Taunton Assize Courts and Judges' Lodging, showing a very excellent façade of red brick with stone facings in Tudor Gothic style; in the central hall, and the porch, and some of the details, we seem to trace the effect of a study of the New Palace of Westminster. No. 37 is Mr. E. B. Lamb's design for the same building; the façade consists of a long low colonnade terminated by square blocks of building, with low wings; the colonnade is Ionic in general character; but the eye is unpleasantly attracted by a curious treatment of the lower part of the flutings, and by some other departures from the conventional details of Ionic, which we cannot accept as improvements of the Italian Ionic order.

No. 156 is a drawing of the north front of the Carlton Club House, by Mr. Sidney Smirke. It is too late for us to do anything more than record our assent to the universal admiration accorded to that fine building. In No. 53 Mr. J. E. Goodchild gives us a fine drawing of one bay of the west side of the interior of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, which conveys a very good idea of the grandeur of that very fine work.

No. 143 is a competition design for the Sheffield School of Art, showing the introduction of marble of various colours, both real and imitation on glass, by Mr. A. Billing. We are sorry that we cannot say anything in its praise; it looks like a great shop front, all sham marble and plate-glass. No. 92 is another design for the same building by Mr. G. F. Jones, which is not very satisfactory. For the Birmingham and Midland Institute there are also three designs exhibited: No. 81, by Mr. E. I'Anson, a very excellent one; No. 85, by Mr. J. James; and No. 403, by Messrs. Lockyer and Martineau. No. 55 is a view of a great warehouse, 300 ft. long by 115 ft. high, now erecting in Portland-street, Manchester, the front of polished Yorkshire stone, at a cost, exclusive of land, fixtures, &c., of 45,000*l*. The drawing is not a very good one, and probably does not do full justice to the general effect of the building; but the design is a bad one; the style is rather that in which road-side railway stations are run up in iron and zinc, than that of a grand substantial merchant prince's warehouse of polished stone. We have a considerable number of other street fronts; in most of them brick is used with stone facings, and more or less of coloured bands of brick. For instance, No. 63, the street front of fireproof offices and stores now erecting in Chester-street, Manchester, by Mr. A. Waterhouse; the ground floor, it is true, has a somewhat 19th century aspect, but all above it is very striking; the material is brick; the first-floor is arcaded with deeply recessed niches, whose arches are carried by coupled cast-iron shafts; above this arcade is a mass of wall four stories high, diapered with lozenge pattern of red and white brick, and pierced with small plain round headed windows, which has considerable breadth of effect. No. 54 is a sketch for street architecture (dwelling-houses), by Mr. C. L. Eastlake. The material is brick, of various colours, with stone facings, and a band of coloured tiles over the ground-floor; the style is Gothic, of the phase with which Mr. Ruskin's illustrations of the street architecture of Northern Italy have made us familiar; the arrangement of the coloured bands has a particularly nice effect, and the architectural details are carefully studied; but the design as a whole appears to want regularity and breath, owing, perhaps, chiefly to the great variety in the shape, and tracery, and size, of the windows. No. 157, is a study for street architecture (shops), by Mr. C. J. West, in the same style as the preceding, but very inferior to it. No. 52 is another example; it represents a house, by Mr. J. C. Chamberlain, erecting at Birmingham, the materials are of red, white, and blue bricks, in horizontal bands, with Bath-stone dressings; with a more richly ornamented band under the string course and in the cornice of encaustic tiles, which enrichments are also introduced in circular panels in the tympana of all the windows; parts of this design are very nice, but we abstain from giving our opinion of the general effect without having seen the building

itself. Nos. 408 and 409, are two studies for street architecture copied pretty closely from some of Mr. Ruskin's plates. No. 129, is a design by Mr. E. B. Lamb, for a good solid house front—to be erected in London—in late fifteenth century style, very excellently carried out.

The progress of architectural taste is not only to be seen in these designs for the streets of the metropolis and the large towns; there are also several designs for farm buildings, which show that the taste has extended to agriculture as well as commerce. No. 23 is a view of a covered homestead, fitted with steam machinery, now in course of erection at Haines Hill, Berkshire, by Messrs. Beadel, Son, and Chancellor; we have no doubt that utility has been carefully studied, the buildings are plain and practical enough, and yet the architect's hand has given them the arrangement and proportion, and put in the little details, which produce an agreeable effect. No. 118, a view of Wall's Court Farm, near Bristol, by Mr. G. Godwin, F.R.S., is another example of the way in which an interesting effect may be given to such buildings without in the least interfering with practical utility. It is not unsuggestive that in this instance also the latest appliances of science are made available; "water is laid on to supply the sheds, a steam-engine does most of the work, and a railway throughout the stall passages conveys food to the animals." The appliance of science and fine art both, to the erection of farm offices, is surely a somewhat noticeable token of our progress.

Our space has only permitted us to touch upon a few of the designs which more especially took our attention: and the ecclesiastical designs we have intentionally excluded, not because we and the public are not interested in them, but because our space is so limited, and because they are sure to receive sufficient notice in the journals which more especially devote themselves to such subjects. We must, however, call attention to the two rooms in which architectural materials are exhibited, which contain interesting specimens of many of the modern materials and appliances. We may notice especially the specimens of the Lizard Company's Serpentine, a very interesting novelty; some of the specimens which are here exhibited—the red, and the dark green, and the red and green, for example—are very beautiful; the treasures of choice stones, and marbles and granites, which our own country affords to the architect are only beginning to receive the attention which they deserve, and we venture to conjecture that they will have considerable influence upon our future architecture. Mr. Steevens's glass mosaic, too, is worth attention; we do not think that it is quite happily handled in the majority of the specimens which he exhibits; both the colours and the material require more relief than he has given them. In the specimen spandril from Mr. White's Church of All Saints, Kensington, it is much more successfully treated, and we see there something of what may be done with it. We are not particularly fond of shams; but the consolidated glass in imitation of marble extorts a word of admiration; it may for certain purposes be very legitimately and advantageously used. E. C.

## ART AND ARTISTS.

### TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

MR. OWEN JONES proposes to publish a "Grammar of Ornament," being a series of 3000 examples from various styles, exhibiting the fundamental principles which appear to reign in the composition of ornament of every period.—Preparations have been made for the reception at the National Gallery of the Rogers' bequest, and for the Paul Veronese, recently purchased. It is understood that the latter will be placed in the National Gallery by Monday next; the three pictures bequeathed by Mr. Rogers probably to-day. The arrangement of pictures according to schools and periods will, as the collection increases, obviously become less and less practicable in the present rooms. It is to be hoped, however, that the principle of placing newly acquired pictures where they can be well seen will continue to be observed.—Mr. William Brodie, A.R.S.A., of Edinburgh, has at present in his studio a bust in clay of Mr. Alfred Tennyson, intended for exhibition in the Royal Scottish Academy's Galleries in March.—The first meeting of the Artists' and Amateurs' Conversazione Society for the season was held on Thursday at Willis's Rooms. There was a large assemblage, and some very good pictures were exhibited.—The picture by Bassano, recently presented to the National Gallery by Philip L. Hinds, Esq., is at the end of the principal room. The subject is "Christ Driving the Money Changers out of the Temple."—The great object of what was done to King Charles's statue lately, was security. It had originally been fixed to a slab of black marble, which had become fractured, and been pieced with Portland stone. Sir Francis Chantrey had some measures taken a few years back for its greater security, but it was thought advisable recently to do something more decided. Accordingly, under the direction of Mr. Scott, the shattered slab has been taken out, and one of granite, a trifle thicker, inserted, first securing the stones which form the cornice by the insertion of a copper chain bound all round it below the granite slab.

The slab itself is secured to the pedestal by copper bolts running into the stonework below, and the feet of the horse are similarly secured to the slab. As one foot is raised, the centre of gravity is very much on one side of the supports, so that there is a decided strain upon one of the feet, which were found to be very insecurely fastened. This has now been effectually remedied.

## MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT CHAT.

MR. BALFE has arrived in town for the season; also, Mr. Swift, the tenor singer.—J. W. Sharpe, the once celebrated comic vocalist, died lately at the Dover Union. He had been wandering about the town night and day for three weeks, in a destitute condition, dissipation having produced a most emaciated appearance.—M. Tamberlik, says a Paris letter, is engaged for Rio at 1000*l.* a month. Steiger, a favourite tenor at Vienna, has accepted an engagement at New York.—Preparations are making in all parts of Germany to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Mozart, on the 27th June next, with great pomp.—The anonymous writer of the German tragedy, "The Gladiator of Ravenna," has not been ascertained up to this moment—a circumstance doubly curious, as the drama not only maintains its high popularity, but as the poet's shares in the profits of its various performances amount, it is said, to so large a sum as 10,000 thalers (1500*l.*) This sum, deposited in the cash boxes of the different court theatres, waits the legitimate owner's disposal; but neither laurels nor gold, it appears, can induce the dramatist to step forth from his cloud. At all events, he must be a richer man than German poets generally are.—The journals tell us that Madame Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind) has accepted an engagement to reappear upon the boards of the London Opera. If this be true, it is the fulfilment of a prediction quaintly made by our great composer, Meyerbeer. Shortly after Jenny's marriage, he said to a lady here, who lamented her retirement, "Be patient; in a little time she will return. It is not only her vocation, but other causes exist." "What cause?" demanded the lady. "Why, a most active impulse—vanity. She is married. If her marriage prove less happy than she anticipates, she will return to the stage, to console herself for domestic disappointments by public applause and ovations. If she be perfectly satisfied with her husband, who has the pretension to be a composer, she will urge him to write an opera, with a leading part for herself; and, in order to promote, if not to insure success, she will remount the stage, and early seek to satisfy her own very worthy vanity in this matter, by sharing the laurels of success with her husband."—Herr André, a composer, and son of the well-known publisher of Offenbach, is now exhibiting to the musical public of Berlin fifty-eight autograph MS. compositions by Mozart, several of which have never been published, namely—"Apollo and Hyacinthus," the three-act opera *Mitridate* (composed by Mozart in his fourteenth year for the Milan Opera-house), and the two-act dramatic cantata, *Il Re Pastore*. Also a symphony, written in 1789; the original mass upon which the author founded his cantata *David de Penitente*; and two grand pianoforte concertos, dated 1785. Many of these MSS. are said to be signed and dated by Mozart.

## LITERARY NEWS.

MR. WARREN'S "Ten Thousand a Year" recently made its appearance in the Russian language, at St. Petersburg, and is, with "The Diary of a late Physician," being translated into Danish, by the celebrated Hans Christian Andersen.—The Dutch newspaper, the *Harlemsche Courant*, attained the venerable age of two hundred years on the 8th of this month. It is the oldest newspaper in Holland, and its original title was *Weekelijkse Courant van Europa*. It is stated that Mr. Macaulay has examined its earlier collections for materials for his history.—An official return shows that the number of books, pamphlets, &c., printed in France in the course of last year, in French, Greek, Latin, and other languages, was 8285; that that of musical productions was 1105; and of engravings, lithographs, &c., 2857. The number of books and pamphlets was larger than has been known for the last forty-four years, with the solitary exception of the year 1825, when 8265 productions were brought out. The total number of printed publications in France, since the 1st November 1811, when a regular account first began to be taken, to the 31st December last, was 271,994.—The *Northern Examiner*, a newspaper published in Newcastle-on-Tyne, which tried a twice-a-week cheap issue and did not succeed, expired on Friday. The editor, in taking farewell of his readers, says:—"We beg to inform our subscribers and friends that the present number closes the publication of the *Northern Examiner*. Since the issue of its first number, in May 1834, the repeal of the stamp duty has caused an immense number of publications to spring up on all sides of us, to the great pecuniary injury

and detriment of themselves and the previously-existing journals. We confess that we have no desire to ruin ourselves in the present race of competition; and, accordingly, we retire from the contest. We have been also induced to take this step in a great measure owing to the above cause, and also the present impossibility of any local paper of less than ten years' standing paying its way in Newcastle, where there are now no less than eight newspapers published during the week. Advertisers cannot be expected to give their announcements to every paper; and the result is, that those advertisements which would support four will not support eight newspapers; consequently, many of them must be carried on at a great pecuniary loss to their proprietors. We are neither able nor willing to do so in our own case; and the more especially as we have too much reason to complain of the miserable pretends made use of by many persons who have done business with us to postpone, and ultimately to avoid payment altogether of our just demands."

The Admiralty give notice that Dr. Rae has claimed the reward of 10,000*l.* offered by them to the person who should first succeed in ascertaining the fate of the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, and that their Lordships will proceed within three months from date to adjudicate upon this claim, so that all persons claiming to share the above reward must put in their claims before that time.—As soon as the resignation of Mr. Macaulay, M.P. for Edinburgh, became known, a meeting was held at the Waterloo Hotel, when it was resolved to request Mr. Adam Black, the publisher, to allow himself to be put in nomination for the vacant seat; and a committee was appointed to take steps for having the requisition signed and forwarded to that gentleman. Mr. Black is willing to allow himself to be put in nomination, provided the requisition be numerously signed.—Sir Frederick Thesiger, on the part of Mr. Payne Collier, applied on Thursday week to the Court of Queen's Bench, for a rule calling upon Mr. John Russell Smith, printer in Soho-square, to show cause why a criminal information should not be filed against him for publishing a pamphlet containing libellous charges against Mr. Collier. Mr. Collier possesses a copy of the second folio edition of Shakspeare, containing marginal notes which seemed contemporaneous with the day of the book, and these notes he had published in a new edition of the poet. He also wrote an article in "Notes and Queries" on Mr. Coleridge's Lectures on Shakspeare, delivered in 1812, and published Coleridge's prospectus. The pamphlet criticised both productions, and charged Mr. Collier with having either "forged" or "cooked" the marginal notes and prospectus. This was the libel. Lord Campbell observed, that Mr. Collier had by an affidavit cleared himself in the most satisfactory manner; but "the Court could not grant a rule of this kind in regard to a mere literary criticism. No doubt, this application would never have been made if the publication had not gone further than that; but although the Court is most anxious to do whatever is necessary for his protection, we do not consider we can properly interfere in the present instance. He has cleared himself to my entire satisfaction, and I believe also to the entire satisfaction of all who are acquainted with the controversy. I never entertained a suspicion that he could resort to such mean and fraudulent acts; but we cannot make this matter the subject of a criminal information."—Rule refused.

The Institute of Sweden has unanimously admitted Prince Lucien Bonaparte, who now finds himself a member of almost all the academies of Europe.—A short time back two Polish nobles gave not less than 4000*l.* to the family of the deceased poet Mickiewicz; and we now read in a German paper that another, Count Dzialinski, has generously taken charge of his five young children.

The remarkable meteor which appeared on the 7th inst. was witnessed as far south-west as Cornwall, west as South Wales, north as London, east as Ramsgate, and south as Havre, in France. Some idea of its height ought to be gathered from this, considering that according to every one's account it was remarkably low, and that most likely the above named places are the extreme points at which it was visible on the earth.—A meeting was held last week at No. 28, Bloomsbury-square, in furtherance of an institution to be called the Scriptural Museum, for the illustration of Bible history, geography, and antiquities. The collection will embrace all objects that throw light on these departments of biblical literature, and upon the history, customs, and manners of the Jews, and of the nations mentioned in the sacred scriptures. M. Bonomi has placed at the disposal of the Society his collection of Egyptian antiquities, and his sketches of Assyrian sculpture. A library is also to be established in connection with the Museum, and courses of lectures to be delivered. The Earl of Chichester is to be president, and it is supported by many men whose names afford guarantee that the objects of the institution will be efficiently carried out.—The King of Greece has just decreed the establishment of libraries in all the public schools of the kingdom.—One of the Boston *Hotels*, we read in the *American Publishers' Circular*, has added to its other attractions a library of 300 volumes. The *Circular* calls on other hotels to follow the good example.—The *Scientific American*

says that several instances are lately recorded where persons who were in the habit of reading much in railway carriages had become nearly blind. It appears the jolting motion causes the eye to strain in catching the separate letters, and make their effect, on the retina very injurious.—On the 12th of January M. Chacornac, of the Imperial Observatory at Paris, discovered a new planet, the brilliancy of which he compares to that of a star of the ninth or tenth magnitude. Its position is in the constellation of Cancer, some degrees southward from the nebulous star *Præsepe*.—At a general *réunion* of French savans at the house of M. Leverrier much interest was occasioned by the famous glass, now nearly finished, to complete which M. Arago obtained from the Chamber of Representatives 100,000*fr.*, and by which, said the illustrious astronomer, "we shall be able, at last, to see the moon, as we see Montmartre from the Boulevard Italien."—It was stated in the *Times*, a few weeks ago, that the mining engineers of the north of England proposed to found a college in Newcastle, with a capital of at least 30,000*l.* It appears that this project is in prospect of realisation at no distant period. Mr. Nicholas Wood, an eminent coal-viewer, and President of the Mining Institute, a short time ago brought under the notice of the Duke of Northumberland the intention to found a college, and requesting that his Grace would lend his assistance to the movement, and become patron of the college. The noble Duke, in answer to this appeal, signified to Mr. Wood, through his agent, Mr. Hugh Taylor, that in case the amount of subscribed capital should reach 15,000*l.*, his Grace would add 5000*l.* to that sum, making it 20,000*l.*; and if it should reach 30,000*l.*, his Grace would subscribe 10,000*l.*, making 40,000*l.* This, as might be expected, has given an impetus to the design, and it is now intended forthwith to apply to the other wealthy coal-owners of this district for their support to the undertaking. Application will also be made to the leading manufacturers, as it is intended that the college shall give instruction in other branches of science besides those more immediately bearing on coal-mining operations. In connection with this design there is another of a kindred character about to be realised. The library of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle is one of the most valuable and extensive in the north of England. The building which contains it was erected in 1825, at a cost of 12,000*l.*, the foundation-stone having been laid by the late Duke of Sussex. This library contains about 25,000 volumes, and it has been from time to time enriched by many valuable presents. Mr. Robert Stephenson, the eminent engineer, about two years ago, offered to pay one-half of a debt the institution has incurred, amounting to 6200*l.*, provided the other members of the society would find means to pay off the other half, and reduce the term of admission to one guinea per annum. The committee have obtained subscriptions to nearly the required amount, and at the annual meeting of the society, to be held early next month, it is believed that it will be in a condition to accept Mr. Stephenson's offer.

## DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

COVENT GARDEN.—*What Does he Want.* A farcical squib; by Mr. R. Brough. *Rob Roy.*

MR. WIGAN AT WINDSOR.

THEATRICALS IN AUSTRALIA.

Mr. Anderson made his first appearance in *Rob Roy*, on the evening before the last number of THE CRITIC was issued; consequently I had no time to give any account of the performance. Since that, it has become a matter of theatrical history, and Mr. Anderson has very wisely returned to his popular entertainment of "Magic and Mystery," eked out with a farcical squib from the pen of Mr. Robert Brough, appended to it as a sort of tag. This is intended as a "retort courteous" to *The Great Gun Trick*, which has been holding up the Wizard of the North to the ridicule of the Drury Lane audiences for this month past. Some delay in the appearance of Mr. Brough's reply is said to have been caused by the captious criticisms of Mr. Donne, the Secretary of the London Library, who is at present custodian of the Chamberlain's literary conscience. According to the taste of this gentleman, Mr. Brough's piece, as it originally came before him, contained matter rather too personal to Mr. Charles Mathews—reference to debts and so forth. Surely this is rather late in the day to take this objection. Why should Mr. Mathews be more sacred than Mr. Anderson, whose advertising propensities are so effectively ridiculed in *The Great Gun Trick*? To those who argue that the one affords a public topic and the other treats of matter which should be strictly private, it may be replied that no one has made his foibles in this respect more public than Mr. Charles Mathews. Does he not play Mr. *Affable Hawk*?

So far as its literary merits go, *What does he Want* is, in its altered state, little beyond a vehicle for some very clever mimicry on the part of Mr. Leigh Murray, who "takes off" Mr. Charles Mathews to perfection. Mr. Murray thus appears before the public in a new capacity; for, although he has long



been a favourite with the public as a very clever and polished actor, his talents as a mimic have hitherto been known only to his private friends. In selecting Mr. Charles Mathews as the object of his imitation, Mr. Murray has displayed great courage; for those best acquainted with the peculiarities of the former admirable actor have been accustomed to regard him as imitable.

I am glad to perceive that the Court has manifested some recognition of Mr. Wigan's management at the Olympic, by inviting him and the leading members of his company to play Mr. Taylor's excellent comedy *Still Waters Run Deep* at Windsor Castle. This is a compliment no less merited by Mr. Wigan than graceful on the part of her Majesty; and those who have the welfare of the theatrical profession at heart would be glad to hear of the other managers of our theatres being invited to do likewise. I understand that Mr. Phelps and his company have long been anxious to pay their duty to their Sovereign, and prove themselves really "her servants;" but that hitherto they have been prevented from doing so by that backstairs influence which appears to regulate what are called the "Windsor Performances."

In these days of affected sentiment it is really refreshing to meet with a true bit of genuine feeling. This shall be my only apology for cutting out the following paragraph from an Australian paper. It should be explained that the rival claims of Messrs. Coppin and Heir for the hand of Miss Fanny Cathcart have afforded matter for litigation in the antipodean courts of law. Mr. Heir was the successful suitor, so far, at least, as the lady was concerned; but his triumph had tended somewhat to mar the current of his friendly intercourse with his manager and rival, Mr. Coppin. The subjoined paragraph describes the public reconciliation which happily salved over this "pretty quarrel."

The public were invited to witness a reconciliation, and to ratify it by their approbation; and their approbation expressed itself so fervently that it amounted to rapture. The appearance of Mr. Brooke, as Master Walter, was greeted by a storm of applause. The recognition of Mr. Heir, when Sir Thomas Clifford turned his face towards the audience from the table at which he sat, was accompanied by a demonstration in which some marks of disapprobation were mingled with the cheers. In the second scene, when Julia first appears upon the stage, Miss Cathcart's presence before the footlights was welcomed by such a tumult as shook the house, and for a moment unnerved the fair actress. Anon Mr. Coppin, who played the part of Fathom, turned up, and another shout made the iron roof vibrate with its ring. Then there were minor eruptions of hilarious approbation, as, for example, when the representative of Fathom (Mr. Coppin), in reply to the reproaches of Helen, who twits him with having no heart and with no feeling for Julia (Miss Cathcart), exclaims:—"But I tell you I do—and good right I have to feel for her. I have been in love myself." No sooner had these words fallen from the lips of the actor, than they were applauded to the echo. So vehement and protracted were the shouts and laughter, that the business of the scene came to an absolute stand-still, and Fathom himself could scarcely refrain from participating in the universal mirth.

JACQUES.

**A HANDSOME TESTIMONIAL.**—It has been announced that Mr. E. T. Smith, the lessee of Drury-lane Theatre, has lately marked his sense of the services rendered to him by Mr. E. L. Blanchard, the author of six successive and successful pantomimes at the Marylebone and Drury-lane Theatres, by presenting him with a meerschaum pipe.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

SIR,—In the last number of the CRITIC there appears an altogether astonishing letter from Mr. John James Bird, upon a subject which I in my ignorance had considered dead and comfortably interred long since. It would, however, appear that picturesque Malvern has been visited by the ghost of Mesmerism, and, if we may judge from Mr. B.'s account of its proceedings, it is not at all improved by its sojourn in Hades. Diseases are cured, objects ordinarily invisible seen, the Old Hundredth or the Ratcheter's Daughter sung; and, though God in his goodness has provided us with an exquisite apparatus of vision, that has again been proved a ridiculous superfluity, and the stomach or nose, apparently provided for other purposes, are found not merely available, but vastly superior to it for the purpose of seeing with. Had your correspondent consulted his clairvoyante, he would have discovered that not merely some medical men, but every noteworthy member of the profession, with the single exception of Dr. Elliotson, strenuously opposes mesmerism and contemptuously refuses to accept it as a true thing. Some years since Dr. now Sir John Forbes very satisfactorily exposed the humbug of a professional mesmerist and his tool Alexis; but with what poor results it is saddening to think, when at this time of day we find Mr. Bird presenting such a letter for the consideration and comment of the learned readers of the CRITIC. Must, then, Sisyphus Forbes be for ever rolling up to its resting-place this monstrous mass of error? Is there to be no rest for him who is endowed with the now days rare faculty of seeing through a sham, merely because

he uses his eyes and not his knees or stomach for that purpose. I—utterly disclaiming, however, the title of learned—must now proceed to comment upon the very remarkable communication submitted to the readers of the CRITIC; and I shall commence by classifying mesmerists after a manner which I fear will not be altogether to the taste of your correspondent. We have in a first class the mesmeriser and mesmerised leagued, both well knowing they are enacting a sham—for example, Alexis and his exhibitor. In the second, the mesmeriser is the dupe of the mesmerised—Dr. Elliotson and his protégées to wit; whilst in the third the mesmeriser is duped by the mesmerised, and the mesmerised by him or herself. To this last class we must charitably suppose the Rev. R. Barrett, Senior Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and Miss A.—belong.

The cataleptic condition is too common in highly nervous, hysterical temperaments to make the mere fact of sleep being produced a matter to be wondered at by medical men; and, when we take into consideration the morbid curiosity which induces many women to study anatomy, dilettante-wise, it is not more surprising that a general idea of the nervous system should be given by a clairvoyante, who doubtless describes it as it has been pictured in her mind through the common-place agency of description or plates, rather than from actually seeing it with an exalted toe or nose. Even, too, supposing the description were exceedingly incorrect, are the reverend gentlemen who presided at the *séance* the best possible judges of anatomical facts—is their evidence on this point worth much? I throw it is worth very little; but so I fear, in their eyes, would be the dissent of the most skillful anatomists, who, working with mere carnal weapons (scalpel and forceps), and aided only by the imperfect vision that God has given them, could scarcely hope to rival the spiritual omniscience of Miss A.—

Passing over the moving active objects *without form* (a sad falling off in the lady's descriptive powers), and also her comic songs and statuesque "poses," we come to a part of the letter which cannot but startle every thinking man. It would appear that it rested with Mr. Barrett to disassociate by an effort of his will Miss A.'s soul and body. How inexpressibly blasphemous such an idea is to me, I cannot trust myself to write. Had no other than the effete dodges at which we were wont to laugh consensually been brought forward, Mr. Bird's letter might have passed unheeded; but when the mesmeriser hints that God's power of taking at will the life he has given rests with him, a poor human creature, something more than reason is outraged, and our belief in a creant power is sapped to its very foundation. Does the Rev. Mr. Barrett, Senior Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, or Mr. John James Bird, see to what all this tends? Can they picture to themselves the effect on young minds, in their *Sturm und Drang* period, this arrogation of divine attributes must necessarily have? Shall we not all indeed be little gods, when a few passes of the hand and a susceptible medium is all we require to give us omniscience, and the power of freeing human souls from their earthly hiding-place. Who will henceforward toil in natural science, picking up facts and storing them in his memory, if such a royal road be open to him, made pleasant too by statuesque arms "in attitudes too elegant and sublime for description?"

It is remarkable that phrenology, which may be called psychology made easy, has become of late years intimately *lié* with mesmerism. Having a substratum of fact, namely that the mental powers are commensurate with cerebral development, this system has lived for the many thus long; but its details have been disproved over and over again by the laborious investigators of comparative anatomy, pathology, and human physiology. It would be too much to ask any one endowed with the faculty of seeing as the Rev. Mr. Barrett can see, to read the papers of Majendie, Flourens, Leuret and Carpenter, upon the comparative anatomy and physiology of the brain and nervous system; but let your younger readers, ignoring the possibility of attaining knowledge through any other medium than their own senses, study them—if possible, test the facts related. They will find the labour will bring its own reward; toilsome the path to knowledge may prove, but fruitful in results, and unspeakably strengthening to their mental powers. Let them peer into the abstruse absurdities of alchemy, and contrast them with the exquisitely simple facts of modern chemistry—facts which have revived the world—and, having thus done, mesmerism, spirit-rapping, and the like may come, and they will be treated as every mind so educated has hitherto treated them.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

E. W. SULLIVAN, M.D., M.R.C.S., &c.

Ilford, Dec. 4.

## OBITUARY.

ROHRBACHER, Abbé, author of a "Universal History of the Catholic Church," lately in France.  
BOUBOUCALLET, Mr. Dion, at New Orleans. He was manager of the Gaiety Theatre. He was the author of "London Assurance," and many other popular plays. He lectured for a time upon the English drama, and then went upon the stage.

CROWTHER, Mr. John, at Leeds, on Wednesday, January 16, after a very brief illness. He was classical tutor at the Wesleyan College, Didbury, an editor of the *London Quarterly Review*, and has long been known as an eminent minister in the Wesleyan Church.

HARRIS, Joseph, Esq., author of "The Dictionary of Dates," "The Book of Dignities," and other useful works.

LALOR, John, Esq., at Hampstead, Jan. 27. Mr. Lalor was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. On coming to London he became connected with the *Morning Chronicle*, and eventually was appointed one of the chief editors of that paper, remaining in that capacity for, we believe, five or six years. With the disposal of the *Chronicle* by Sir John Easthope, Mr. Lalor retired from the daily press. Mr. Lalor's writings, as a journalist and contributor to our Quarterly Reviews, were singularly pleasing and popular, and throughout a critical period his counsels exercised considerable influence upon passing events. His style was clear and agreeable; and his information both copious and varied. To the general public he will be best known by an Essay on Education, and by his last work, entitled "Money and Morals."

MITCHELL, Sir T. L., the Australian traveller and surveyor. He joined the army in the Peninsula when only sixteen, and served on Wellington's staff to the close of the war. He was sent back to survey the battle-fields of the Peninsula. His model of the Lower Pyrenees is in the United Service Museum, Whitehall. In 1827 he was sent to survey Eastern Australia, having the appointment of Deputy-Surveyor-General, under Mr. Oxley, whom he succeeded as Surveyor-General.

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price being less than half, these lamps are placed within the reach of  
every person requiring a light when driving. Price 12s. 6d. each, at  
any of the Lamp-Dealers; and the Patentee, S. CLARKE, 55, Albany-  
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CHURCH'S GUNPOWDER-PROOF SAFES.  
9, Cornhill-lane, Upper Thames-street, London, July 6, 1855.  
Gentlemen,—The safe you fixed here some years ago has indeed  
proved a good one, and done good service. Last week some thieves  
broke into our office, and tried their hands upon it. First they seem  
to have used their crowbars, and then gunpowder, but both proved  
vain; for money, bills, and deeds were all safe enough in your "Safe,"  
and under your key and key. We have great pleasure in informing  
you of this, which you can make any use you please.  
We are, gentlemen, your obedient servants,  
JAS. NICHOLSON and Co.  
Messrs. Chubb and Son, 57, St. Paul's Churchyard.  
CHURCH and SON, 57, St. Paul's Churchyard, London; 28, Lord-  
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